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## Ilya Ehrenburg

Ilya Ehrenburg, recently awarded the Order of Lenin, is one of the most widely read of Soviet writers. He is a fighting author whose pen is tipped with passion, wrath and hope.

Ehrenburg happily combines two talents, those of novelist and journalist. His artistic gift is enhanced by a journalistic sense which enables him to react quickly—with an essay, short story or novel—to the questions which history places on the agenda. He discusses the present and deals with problems which influence the destinies of the very people who read him.

Born in Moscow in 1891, Ehrenburg emigrated from Tsarist Russia at the age of 17. After the Revolution he returned home. In 1921 he again went to Europe, this time as a writer and journalist. Although far away, he followed everything happening within his own country, and on visits to his homeland saw how the sense of human dignity and creative energy had awakened in the millions. His enthusiasm for the constructive labor of the people found expression in two novels—*The Second Day* and *Without Stopping for Breath*.

Nineteen-forty found the writer in Paris. He witnessed the occupation of the great city by the Hitler forces. He saw the people betrayed by cowards and traitors. All this he described in his novel *The Fall of Paris*.

Shortly before fascist Germany invaded the Soviet Union, Ehrenburg returned to his country. When his motherland was threatened with mortal danger, he became a war correspondent and found in his heart the right words to speak. In a series of ardent, passionate and intensely dramatic articles he called upon every Red Army man, every Soviet citizen, to rise up and resist, to fight to save his country from the brown plague.

Ehrenburg's words sear the hearts of Red Army men like coals of fire. Every word is a rifle shot and every phrase a machine-gun burst. Every article is saturated with seething passion, like a stream of lava erupting from a volcano. These qualities have earned for the fighting author an extraordinary popularity with the Red Army.

Ehrenburg can hate as strongly as he can love. He hates the Hitlerites with a mortal hatred, a hatred that kills and scorches. But it is not a blind hatred, a one-sided hatred that thinks only of revenge.

"Our hatred of the Hitlerites is dictated by love—by love of our countrymen and mankind," he writes. "Therein lies the power of our hate. And therein lies its justification."

*The present collection includes only a small part of Ilya Ehrenburg's writings during the three years of war.*



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*Information Bulletin*

*Embassy of the*

*Union of Soviet Socialist Republics*

*Washington, D. C.*

*Special Supplement*

*June, 1944*

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## Two Years

**J**UNE 22, 1941 will remain a momentous date in history. On that short summer night Germany crossed our frontier. Automobiles of all European makes sped by, motorcycles clattered, the first shots fired by tommy gunners frightened the larks. Pomeranian cattle-breeders and Bavarian psychoanalysts, flushed with war as if it were a picnic, marched in quest of silver foxes and iron crosses.

Among the invading hordes were sportsmen, masters of law, bookkeepers, duelists, votaries of Wotan, connoisseurs of Paris night clubs, champions of the Aryan breed, husky producers and pygmies of the Goebbels type, natives of Swinemunde, Merseburg and Zwickau, Kurts and Friedrichs, Kwatschkas and von Gruenwalds, the conquerors of Thermopylae, designers of gallows, electricians and geophysicists, commandants and company fuehrers, wearers of the insignia of skull and crossbones, and lecherous orderlies.

Here were 70 years of German history: Reichswehr academicians, "blitz" experts, masters of pincer movements and organizers of encirclements. Here was Germany's entire industry: portable appliances for setting houses on fire, pocket radios for spies, huge mortars and collapsible bridges. On the advancing tanks was the dust of all Europe. In the staff cars sat gray-moustached generals—firmly convinced that the German army was invincible.

Soldiers snorted and expectorated, wore their caps at a jaunty angle, tanned themselves, sent postcards to their sweethearts, devoured buckwheat honey, murdered nursing babies and sang their soldier's song: "Hi, hi, ho, ho! The gay, gay war!"

Thus clashed two incompatible worlds: the world of brigandage and the world of labor; the world of malice and the world of confidence.

Who can calmly recall that June? In two grim years we have changed so much that we look back on the prewar years with tenderness, but also with a sense of renunciation. We have become both simpler and more complicated. Much that seemed to us natural, habitual and concrete has been abandoned and forgotten as illusions. Much that we considered unreal, illusory, has become clothed in flesh, enabling us to hold out and to repel the enemy's thrusts.

But there is something in common between the people who on June 22, 1941 crowded around the loudspeakers, and the seasoned veterans of the front who have experienced so much—and this is the nation's conscience. It was this conscience that rose against the invaders. The German generals who studied relief maps of the Ukraine and Byelorussia and the types of our tanks and guns did not reckon with what is usually omitted in military academies: they failed to reckon with the conscience of our peoples.

We can speak of the magnitude of the misfortunes that have befallen our people. Consciousness of sacrifices only emphasizes our spiritual strength. Frenchmen were happy before the war; they had begun to look upon adversity as something disgraceful and unworthy of man. Their punishment was severe. When the crucial days came many Frenchmen preferred the white flag to red, warm blood. Then one heard in France talk such as, "We must save what can still be saved . . . We must save our cities, our children . . ." The ruling circles of France wanted to save themselves at any cost.

But what has surrender brought to France? Her children are dying of starvation. Her wealth is plundered by the Germans. Her heroes are exterminated—not in battle but in dungeons. Her

cities, which have become German bases, are subjected to severe bombings, and any day now France will become a battlefield.

We chose another lot. In the summer of 1941 we were weaker than the German army. We held out then when it seemed impossible to hold out.

Two years of cruel war—an epic of human self-denial. We remember the torments of Leningrad. The enemy wanted to strangle it with hunger, to mangle it with bombs and shells. In the first winter of siege the enfeebled hands of mothers tore in vain at the frozen earth: it was impossible even to bury a dead child. Can words describe the courage of Leningrad, which has held out despite everything?

We remember the time when hundreds of German planes hovered over Stalingrad from sunrise to sunset. The fate of this city seemed so irretrievably sealed that, according to one Swiss journalist, Berlin newspapers daily inquired of Goebbels' department whether they should publish the celebration issue prepared beforehand. The Germans did not realize then that the word Stalingrad would for decades and centuries inspire awe in Germany.

Some neutral observers thought that nothing could stop the army that had covered the distance from the English Channel to the Volga. It was stopped by 500 yards of earth and a few divisions. It was Russia's conscience that stopped it.

When I say "conscience," I mean the soul of the people, which long since conceived a hatred for injustice. Compassion for others was sometimes interpreted as a weakness on the part of the Russian. It was his strength. The bulwark of the wronged and humiliated—that is the nation's conscience. When our profoundly peaceable people first beheld the gallows, the ashes of villages, the trampled bodies of children, the outraged young girls, the question of war was settled in the heart of each. Reason may be influenced, but an angered conscience cannot be stilled. Hitler or Goering, poring over the "green folder" wherein were filed the plans of Russia's enslavement, hardly guessed what a whirlwind they would reap.

Human dignity has risen against the Hitlerites. There is nothing more contradictory than vanity and the sense of human dignity.

A characteristic feature of the modern German is the sense of his own superiority. It rests on superstitious ideas about race purity, on the cult of the machine, on intoxication with success in war. Why did some shopkeeper from Klagenfurt regard himself as a superman in Yasnaya Polyana? Because his chin was the standard model,

because he had a corkscrew-shaped cigarette lighter and a pencil with six colored leads, and lastly because he had got from Klagenfurt to Bordeaux and from Bordeaux to Orel.

Such vanity excludes the concept of dignity. The Hitlerite despises his antagonists—and even his own kinsfolk if their rank is lower, their enterprise less, their muscles weaker than his own. By insulting others the fascists have lost all the attributes of humanity.

Our people from time immemorial disliked the arrogant, ridiculed vanity and was wary even of pride. This is the basis of that sense of human dignity which has twice covered Sevastopol with glory and which has enabled Russian youngsters to endure torture at the hands of the German executioners with a consciousness of inner superiority.

We of course loved our country before the war, too. But can the power of sentiment be comprehended in the fullness of possession? We sang songs about Russia's breadth and vastness. We expressed our love for our country in terms of great distances: "From the Black Sea to the White," or "From the Pacific to the Carpathians." But Russia is bigger than Russia: the nation's soul is bigger than the concept of territory and all its wealth. In wartime we have realized that the Russia for which there seemed not enough room on the huge map of the world can be carried in the heart.

Thus ripened a new, exacting, unobtrusive and noble patriotism. We often read of the progress made by Red Army commanders and men—progress connected with our winter victories. But the fighting experience of our men at the fronts is but one of the manifestations of the maturity of the entire people. It reveals not only that our company commanders have learned to better understand the enemy's methods, to better prepare attacks, that they have mastered the principle of cooperation and appreciate the time factor. It reveals that they have grown in stature, that they have developed, thought a great deal, recognized their shortcomings.

In the words "carelessness" or "conservatism" we represent the whole aggregate of our inner defects. Two years of trial have lifted us above them. Therein is the explanation of the defense of Stalingrad and our winter offensive.

It is not an accident that contemporary Germany found her embodiment in the contemptible figure of Hitler—this maniac, filled with malice as a snake's glands are filled with poison. His successes were based on bluff, on blackmail, on a network of espionage, on fifth columns, on the greed of the German burgher and the unconcern of the

French rentier, on Germany's technical training, on perfidy and surprise attacks, on infamy, on self-seeking, on arrogance. "The Fuehrer thinks for me," was the answer I heard hundreds of times from German war prisoners. I would like to ask Hitler at his last examination who thought for him?

In our country everyone is supposed to think: that is the substance of our society.

Never has our hatred of the invader been so keen as in these days of lull. It is as if we were now fully realizing the entire measure of suffering inflicted upon us by the invaders. I recently read in a German newspaper a story about the Ukraine. The correspondent describes how the Saxonian "lord and master" leads a prosperous life in a Ukrainian village. How many such Saxons, Prussians and Bavarians now torment our sisters? Several days ago the Berlin radio reported a tour made by the Baltic adventurer Rosenberg through German-occupied regions. The announcer spoke with a sneer about how the slaves must present Rosenberg, "according to the Russian custom, with bread and salt," they must shout "heil" and slave girls must sing and dance to gratify Herr Rosenberg . . . Can the heart endure such insult? We see weary girls who dance at the word of command. We hear old women shout "heil" at the point of tommy guns. The Hitlerites encroach not only upon the people's life but upon its soul.

And impatiently the Red Army looks westward. There every tree, every child, every house, is waiting for it.

A certain Chrystal Keller who lives in Muenster writes her brother, a corporal: "In Nordwald there are also Russian women working now. It is sad—they disfigure our beautiful country. I am even afraid to walk in the streets in the evenings; some of them look so desperate. In general I loathe the Russians. There are people here who have pity on Russian girls—that is the character of the German, his heart is always like butter. But in general they are few. Personally I feel no pity whatever for them . . ."

What infinite meanness this letter reveals. We see our girls, pure and good, torn away from everything they hold dear, reduced to slavery. They are tormented by the Germans, men and women. And some such woman as this Chrystal dares to speak of German soft-heartedness. She asserts that the Germans have "hearts like butter." Their hearts are rancid margarine. Never has pity lighted those dark dungeons.

Our enemy is cruel and selfish; he has come to us for loot; he does not shrink from anything. And if one does not care for his possessions, or

even his life, yet one cannot give the Germans his soul. We have realized this from the first day of war. It was then we became inflamed with hate. Now the hate has matured and become resolve. We have acquired new coolness in suffering in these two years. We do not seek words, gestures or arguments. We thirst for but one thing: justice.

We enter this third year of war with the grim determination to rout the enemy, to rout him with the greatest possible speed, to liberate our native land with the greatest possible speed. We know that the denouement is drawing nigh.

In 1941 Hitler, like the ancient tyrants, sent his armies into distant countries. The Germans manufactured war for export. They pictured death as a foreigner, without right of entry into the Reich. Now the war has reached Germany. Now German cities crash beneath bombs. Now Hitler's vassals are filled with trepidation: they are to play the role of gatekeepers, but who knows whether they will not prefer to open the gates wide rather than to bury the entrance with their own bodies.

One German woman writes: "The war is now everywhere." We do not gloat: we are above such sentiments. We want to see justice done. We want Germany to drink the bitter cup, not because our burdens are heavy, but because crime must be followed by punishment. Last winter at Kastornoye I saw the beginning of retribution—the dead bodies of conquerors, the erstwhile formidable armaments reduced to scrap. The conquistadors had found their match.

The word Stalingrad is associated in the mind of the entire world with the triumph of historic justice.

I had an opportunity recently to view types of German armaments captured by the Red Army. Of what does this spectacle of German strength speak? It speaks of our strength—the strength of our armaments which inflicted and will continue to inflict defeats on the Germans and their generals and field marshals. Here is Hitler's latest hope: the heavy tank called the "Tiger" by the Germans. It was smashed by our shells. The "Tiger" landed in a cage in the zoo.

Nothing can save Germany from inexorable retribution. The Hitlerites now pose as innocents. They try to encourage each other with fear: "We must fight. We are hated because we are Germans." Even in the hour of mortal danger they lie. Even in the hour of agony they lie. The wolf is hated not because he is gray, but because he devours sheep.

Racial and national hatred are as alien to us as before. We hate the Germans because in their con-

cept they have drenched the world in blood. We hate them because they are fascists. We defend our homes and our Soviet country. Thereby we defend something bigger: great ideas and lofty sentiments. We love our land, our air, our flowers, but true love for one's own does not breed hate for others. On the contrary, love broadens the mind. Loving Russia, we love Europe, we love the world.

No matter how great is our hate for Hitler's soldiers, for fascist Germany, for the predatory traditions of the Reich, its pseudo-science, its greed, its philistine callousness, its people of all ranks and classes, we have not because of this begun to burn Goethe's or Schiller's works, we

have not renounced the old German philosophy or music.

It is not we who burn books. It is not we who judge man by the shape of his nose. Amid blood and suffering we have not lost faith in the triumph of justice and human brotherhood.

Dark is the night enveloping Europe. But today, after two years of fighting, we see a streak of light. We see the dawn of victory. We are not alone in battle; with us are our mighty Allies, the nations that have risen in defense of their dignity; with us are all the downtrodden nations of Europe. With us is humanity's conscience. And with us is the sister of our youth—pure, immortal liberty.

*June, 1943*

## Europe's Fate

**R**ECENTLY I visited the Gzhatsk District, liberated from the Germans. The word "desert" is inadequate to convey the spectacle of the cataclysm, the terrible catastrophe, that meets the eye when you reach this place, where the Germans ruled for 17 months.

Gzhatsk was once a cheerful, rich and thriving district. Milk from its pedigreed cows was sent to Moscow; its tailors and seamstresses, past masters of their craft, came to the Capital. In our country the ancient and the modern were curiously intermingled; side by side with Gzhatsk's old Cathedral of the Kazan Virgin, and the squat wooden houses, rose spacious new schools, clubs and hospitals, molded with light. There were dark alleys and there were lads who dreamed of flight to the stratosphere.

Now in the place where the town stood there is only an unsightly pile of broken iron girders, smoke-blackened stone and crushed pebbles. Gzhatsk is still marked on the map, still marked in human hearts, but it is gone from the face of the earth. The vandals of our day have destroyed it by what was the last word in modern technical methods. They blew up nurseries and churches with dynamite; bursting into houses they smashed the windows, poured gasoline over the walls, and were delighted with this species of "Bengal lights" they had created. Gzhatsk was burned. Half the villages in the district were also burned. Only those survived from which the Germans had to take to their heels under pressure of the advancing Red Army.

Few people remained, for the Germans had driven 6,000 Russians from Gzhatsk to Germany.

Visions of the dark ages of the dawn of man's history arise in the mind's eye. Vainly did mothers strive to hide their children from the German slave-traders. Mothers buried their boys in snow—they froze to death. Mothers hid their little girls in hay, but the Germans plunged their bayonets into the stacks. Through the streets of the town lads of 12 and 13 years of age were driven with rifle butts: the Germans were sending the children into slavery. Sometimes they drove whole families, whole villages, and the rural district was soon deserted. Hunger, typhus, diphtheria and Gestapo torture cells did their work.

But more terrible even than this physical extermination is the moral suppression of human dignity. When you enter a town liberated from the Germans, what frightens you is not only ruins and corpses, but human eyes in which all light seems to have been burned out. People talk in whispers, start at every footfall, recoil from every shadow. That is what I saw in Gzhatsk this March. That is what I saw in Kursk in February.

At the outbreak of this war the newspapers talked of what fascism was bringing to the world. Now we see what fascism has brought to the regions captured by the Germans. The word "death" belongs too much to life—it is out of place here: better to say extinction or abyss. The old peasant woman was right when she told me sadly that the Germans were "worse than death."

Looking westward you see frightful scenes: somewhere far away there is another Kursk and another Gzhatsk—and they are called at first by familiar names—Minsk, Chernigov. Then the names change. That charred pile was the French

city called Arras; those people who were shot were brought from the Czech town of Tabor. The extreme western part of the Brittany Cape of Europe, jutting out toward the new world, is called by the French and Latin name of Finisterre—end of the earth. And now, from Gzhatsk to Brest to Finisterre, one can see the same night, the same desolation, the same scenes of ghastly mockery, slaughter and barbarity. The great European night has stretched to “the end of the earth.”

We are passionately attached to our land, our sources, our history. We are proud of our Slavonic Hellas—Kiev; the Russian grace of Saint Sophia’s Cathedral; *Yaroslavna’s Lament*; Andrei Rublev’s classic, clear-cut quality; Novgorod’s civic liberties, and the military exploits of Alexander Nevsky and Dmitri Donskoi. But we have never drawn a dividing line between our culture and the European. For it is not wires and railways that link us, but a system of blood-vessels and brain convolutions.

We were not only diligent pupils but teachers of Europe. Only an ignoramus would present Russia as a child admitted 200 years ago to the school of culture. The testament of ancient Greece, cradle of Europe’s consciousness, reached us not through the Rome of conquerors and legislators, but through the Byzantium of philosophers and ascetics. We have only to compare Andrei Rublev’s paintings with the frescoes of the early Renaissance—Cimabue or Giotto—to realize how much closer old Russia was to the spirit of Hellas, with its clearness and gaiety.

When in the 19th Century Russia astounded the world with her loftiness of thought and word, it was not birth, it was maturity. Who shall say which moved Pushkin more—Byron’s verses or the fairy tales told by his old nurse, Arina? The progressive minds of the last century in Russia felt Europe’s passions, hopes and griefs, and contributed to the European consciousness the strong Russian emotions of truthfulness and humanity.

In Belinsky’s vehemence, Chernyshevsky’s asceticism, and the heroism of the Russian revolutionaries, we see more than gifts from the West, the heritage of humanism and the French Revolution: we feel the search for truth that was the historic path of Russian culture—“the seekers of the City.” That is why Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Tchaikovsky and Moussorgsky enriched any cultured European and gave profundity and breadth to Europe’s every conception. That is why Lenin lives as Russia’s example and State genius, the peak of European and human thought.

Not alone because we have our Gzhatsk, Khar-kov and Minsk do we understand France’s woe,

but also because the fate of European culture is infinitely dear to us. We remember that the Decembrists were inspired by the “Declaration of Rights” because Turgenev was the friend and inspirer of France’s finest writers. We are not bystanders at Europe’s tragedy.

For a thousand days the Germans have been trampling upon the European countries they conquered. I repeat—a thousand days. A continent until a little while ago flourishing and so varied, has become a place of horror. Death is monotonous. The sight of Voronezh, Vyazma and Istra is sufficient to convey the idea of many European cities. Neither the Germans nor their henchmen can restore what has been destroyed: all their efforts are directed toward further destruction. Therefore to this day Spanish Guernica is a charred ruin, Almeria’s streets are rubbish heaps. In all these five years General Franco has not been able to build a new Barcelona or Madrid. The Spaniards cannot put their house in order; they are obliged to wait upon the German administrative service and to die outside Leningrad for Berlin.

Rotterdam’s ruins are the twin of Belgrade’s ruins. Northern France, once reminiscent of an anthill, where the streets of one town led into the streets of another, has become a stony desert. The towns on the Atlantic seaboard are shattered and burned.

What has become of the people? A Gzhatsk woman whose four children had been carried away by the Germans and her home burned, said to me, “Houses can be found—but you can’t go on living without children.” The Germans encroached not only upon Europe’s ancient stones: they trampled her body, her youth, her children. The people have been deprived of the most elementary right—the right to live in their native country. *Voix du Nord*, a French paper published illegally, informs us that in Lille and Valenciennes professors from Kiev University and students from Kharkov and Minsk are doing penal labor. And in the towns of Zaporozhye, French engineers and workers brought from Paris by the Germans are pining in the munitions works. Hitler does a driving trade in slaves: he has sent Poles to the Finnish forests and Slovenes as navvies for the earth-works in Poland. Alsatians are sent to the Ukraine to build German roads. Belgian lacemakers are digging Lithuanian ground. Germans carry out street raids in French towns, seize all the able-bodied and drive them eastward into slavery. Ten thousand captives are carried away daily from France.

The lament of the Gzhatsk mother sounds as an echo in Lyons—but it is not an echo—it is the



mothers of Lyons weeping. "Our times can only be compared to the years of plague and murrain in the Middle Ages," wrote the *Journal de Geneve*. A French king once expressed the wish that every subject should have a chicken in the pot. Before the Germans came there were 37,000 fowls in Gzhatsk—now there are only 110. Recently I read a very detailed article in a German economic magazine on the disappearance of eggs in Europe. The Herr Doctor analyzed the position occupied by eggs in international trade, and concluded gloomily that "new exports must be found for Denmark, France and the protectorate." They have been found, these exports. They are slaves. It is worthwhile noting, however, that in considering the causes of the disappearance of eggs from Europe, the German "scholar" neglected to mention one—the chicken-eating German soldier.

What have the people of Europe to eat these days? The French have eaten all the stocks of fodder and turnips, have eaten the crows and sparrows. The Southerners eat grass, which they call "Laval salad." The Northerners subsist on acorns and tree bark ground fine. Maddened by starvation, the Greeks are devouring shrubs. Phantoms rove the streets of Athens—wraith-like figures of scientists, workers, artists and artisans. They are not given work because they have not sufficient strength to lift a spade. So they beg, and the German soldiers kick them away. There are no more dogs. They have all been eaten.

Deadly diseases strike down those whom the slaveowners have left in their native country, for like plague-bearing rats the Germans have brought infection with them. In well-fed, rosy-cheeked Holland, the country of Van Houten's Cocoa, tuberculosis has spread on a truly formidable scale. In the Hague alone, 17,000 cases of an acute form of tuberculosis were recorded in the first nine months of 1942.

In France, according to figures in the controlled newspaper *Sept Jours*, there are 1,000,000 persons suffering from an acute form of tuberculosis. The number of those suffering from syphilis has increased by 12 times; of those affected with skin diseases, by 30 times. Soap, medicines and bread are not to be found. One-third of the population of Greece has been swept away by hunger and epidemics. Diphtheria has attacked Poland and Czechoslovakia. There is no inoculation, and the mortality among children reaches 60 per cent.

But more terrible still is the life of Europeans uprooted by the Germans. A half million French slaves have died in Germany; two million are awaiting death. "We are living in a horrible barracks among human excrement and lice. We are given only a broth brewed of potato peelings to eat. They beat us across our backs with sticks,"

a Frenchman who escaped from Germany writes in *Le Document*. A Frenchman who recently escaped from Germany reported that two Serbs had been sentenced to imprisonment for what was called a barbarous act: they had eaten a kitten belonging to a Danzig resident.

Europe is swarming with street waifs. A correspondent of the *National Zeitung* writes that in France he encountered "a mob of wild children who fled shrieking whenever anyone approached them." In the Salpetriere Hospital in Paris there are 286 girls between the ages of 9 and 14 suffering from syphilis. Two boys of 8 and 11 years of age were arrested on a murder charge in Marseilles. These waifs roam the streets of Serbia in groups of 20 to 30. Instances of cannibalism were noted among the street waifs in Greece.

Is it necessary to speak of the lapse of culture into savagery? Schools and universities are either closed or turned into hotbeds of Hitlerite ignorance. In the newspaper *Marseillaise* there is a description of lectures given by a "Professor of the College de France." He explained at some length that "when the chin was not clear-cut and the line of the oval somewhat wavy, it was a sign of race impurity"—this in an auditorium where the mathematician Poincare, the chemist Perrin, the physicist Langevin, once lectured. *Depeche de Toulouse* remarks ruefully, "Among young men who pass graduation examinations the standard of education is extremely low." After the Hitlerite burning of the Czech libraries, the stocks of books were reduced by 70 per cent.

I have seen some books published in France during the German occupation; of the ideas they contained I shall not speak—even books on philosophy are full of the cattle-breeding sentiment which is inevitable in "Neo-Europe." I am speaking of something else: these books were written by savages. Every French schoolboy used to express himself ably and well. Now even "writers" in France are unable to express themselves.

A thousand days isn't such a short time—in a thousand days you can learn a great deal and you can unlearn a great deal. Living with wolves, Europe has forgotten how to speak articulately and has taken to howling like a wolf.

The institution of the system of hostages, the spectacle of executions and tortures, deform weak souls. Children see gallows; adolescents are bullied—"Betray your father and you will receive a tin of food and a bottle of wine. Refuse and we take you to the Gestapo, where they know how to drive pins under your nails." Terror deforms people and some grow cowardly, some pathologically cruel. Behavior standards disappear, the foundations of any social life are shaken.

Europe is thus exposed to infection, ready for

FASCIST HORDES



MURDERING  
RED ARMY  
WOUNDED



the corruption of tissues to set in, ready for anarchy. Europe does not want to die. Spilling their blood freely, the guerrillas of France and Yugoslavia fight on. There are still many sound and healthy cells. Red corpuscles are struggling against white. The heritage of centuries, Europe's splendid past, resist the brown plague's onslaught.

Europe can be saved—but time does not wait. It is naive to think that the peoples who have stood for a thousand days can endure for another thousand. This spring the defenders of the life and culture of all peoples fighting against fascist death are confronted with the portentous word: *Time!* No one doubts the final victory of the anti-Hitler coalition. Stalingrad has been its brilliant forerunner. The Red Army and the country supporting it displayed there their spiritual strength and resolution. We know that jointly with the Allies we shall deal a final blow to the Hitlerite war machine.

But the sleeping beauty must be set free from thrall before she becomes a dead beauty. I speak of Europe, held in fascist thrall. It is not enough to win. We must save the living forces of Europe. We must preserve those forces that will enable Burgundy's vine-growers to plant their grapes again; Norway's fishermen to cast their nets again; Europe's stone-masons to rebuild cities; scientists and scholars to hand the half-extinguished torch of knowledge to the new generation. Bitter indeed will be the dearly-won victory

if there are neither doctors, artists, wine-distillers nor electricians left in France.

In the Smolensk, Orel and Kursk Regions I have seen villages that survived because the Germans did not have time to burn them. The Red Army has saved many precious things from destruction. It has saved millions from physical and moral death.

The armies of the anti-Hitlerite coalition could save Europe, her people, her culture, her soul. In Europe there is something dear to all of fascism's enemies. The scholars of Oxford and Kiev know what the Sorbonne or the Pasteur Institute mean to them. Capek's plays are liked in London, but without Prague alive and free there can be no Capek. Without a free France, Americans can never again see the pictures of Matisse or Marquet.

No matter how this or that statesman conceives the future of the European States, it can rest only on culture, on the rules of common existence, on human dignity. Houses of widely differing architectural styles may be built of stone. But there is no stone in the desert—there is only sand, and nothing can be built of sand.

Never before has springtime wrought so strongly in the blood of old Europe. The spring of 1943 comes to Europe not only as a change of season, but also as the flood-tide of cosmic life. Springtime comes like the summons to a last decisive conflict—like the dawn of resurrection.

*April, 1943*

## Diary of a German

**F**RIEDRICH SCHMIDT was Secretary of the Secret Field Police of the 626th Group attached to the First Tank Army of the German armed forces. This was his title. The secretary kept a diary. He began it on February 22 of the current year, and finished it on May 5. He wrote it while in Budyennovka, near Mariupol. Here are some excerpts from Friedrich Schmidt's diary:

*February 25:* I never expected that today would be one of the busiest days of my life . . . The woman Yekaterina Skoroyedova knew that the Russians were going to attack Budyennovka some days before it actually came off. She criticized the Russians who are working with us. She was shot at 12:00 . . . The old man Saveli Petrovich

Stepanenko and his wife from Samsonovka were shot too . . . The four-year-old child of Goravilin's mistress was also put out of the way. About four o'clock they brought in four 18-year-old girls who had crossed the ice from Yeisk . . . A touch of the whip made them see sense. They're all four students, peaches . . . It's awful in the prison cells, they're crammed . . .

*February 26:* Today's doings break the record . . . The beauty, Tamara, roused a lot of interest. Then they brought in six fellows and a girl. No persuasions, not even most severe beatings with the lash, did any good. The girl never squeezed a tear, she only gritted her teeth. After beating her mercilessly, my arm went on strike . . . I've come into two bottles of cognac, one from Lieu-

tenant Koch of the staff of Graf von Foerster, the other from the Rumanians. I'm happy again. It's blowing from the south, the thaw is setting in. The first company of field gendarmerie caught five fellows, of about 17, three kilometers north of Budyennovka. They brought them to me. We started to beat them. I broke the handle of the lash into little bits. Two of us beat at a time . . . However, they wouldn't confess anything . . . Two Red Army men were brought to me . . . They were also flogged. I'm "finishing off" the shoemaker from Budyennovka, who thought he could allow himself some offensive remarks about our army. The muscles of my right arm are aching. It's still thawing . . .

*March 1:* Another war Sunday . . . I got my salary, 105 marks 50 pfennigs . . . Today I again dined with the Rumanians. I had a splendid dinner. At 4:00 P. M. I was unexpectedly invited to coffee with General von Foerster . . .

*March 2:* I'm off my color. I got diarrhea all of a sudden. Have to stay in bed . . .

*March 3:* I examined Lieutenant Ponomarenko, about whom I had received a report. Ponomarenko was wounded in the head on March 2, ran away to the Rosa Luxemburg collective farm, changed his clothing and hid. The family that hid him lied at first. It stands to reason I flogged them . . . In the evening they again brought in five fellows from Yeisk. As is often the case, they're only boys. Applying my simplified method, that has already justified itself, I made them own up; I got the whip to work, as usual. The weather's getting warmer.

*March 4:* Beautiful sunny weather . . . Corporal Voigt has already shot the shoemaker Alexander Yakubenko. He's been thrown into the common grave. I'm frightfully itchy all the time.

*March 6:* I gave forty marks to the winter aid fund.

*March 7:* We still live well. I get butter, eggs, fowl and milk. Every day I have some hors d'oeuvre . . . At 4:00 P. M. they again brought me four young guerrillas . . .

*March 8:* Corporal Sprigwald and Frau Reidman have returned from Mariupol. They have brought the mail and a written order to Groschek about shooting . . . Today I have already had six shot . . . They tell me that another 17-year-old, a girl, has arrived from Vessyolyi.

*March 9:* How jolly the sunshine is, and how the snow glitters. But even the golden sun can't cheer me up. Today has been a hard day. I woke up at 3 A. M. I'd had an awful dream, that was because today I had to do away with 30 young chaps who had been caught. This morning Maria cooked me a nice tart. At 10:00 they again brought me two girls and six fellows . . . I had

to beat them mercilessly. Then the mass shootings began: yesterday there were six, today 33 miserable wretches gone astray. I can't eat. It'll be all up if they catch me. I no longer feel safe in Budyennovka. They hate me for a certainty. But I had to do as I did. If my folk knew what a hard day I've had. The ditch is almost full of corpses now. And how heroically these boys and girls die. What is it that's got into their blood? Some of them, especially the girls, didn't shed a single tear. I call it real courage! They were made to strip (we have to sell the clothing) . . . It'll be all up with me, if ever they catch me!

*March 11:* The only way to teach a lower race is by flogging them. Near my flat I had a decent lavatory fixed up and hung up a big notice that civilians are forbidden to use it . . . Opposite my bedroom there is the burgomaster's office where workers engaged on earthworks come in the mornings. In spite of the notice they use the lavatory. I am beating the liver and lights out of them for it! In future I'll have them shot.

*March 13:* I'm so overworked, it's a long time since I wrote home. To tell the truth, I don't particularly want to write my folk: they don't deserve it anyway . . . Then I ordered a Russian, aged 57, to be flogged, and his son-in-law, for showing insufficient respect to Germans. Then I visited the Rumanian colonel . . .

*March 14:* It's frightfully cold again. I've got another attack of diarrhea, and pains around the heart. I ordered a doctor to be called . . . He diagnosed upset stomach and nervous heart . . . Today I gave orders for Lyudmila Chukanova, aged 17, to be shot. It seems as though I have to kill off boys and girls; that's why I have a nervous condition of the heart.

*March 17:* My first work since morning: I ordered the fifth Russian parachutist to be taken from the hospital on a cart, and right here before the common grave had him shot . . . After this I spent the day peacefully. After dinner I had a walk. The ground is frozen.

*March 19:* I stayed in bed. Ordered our military doctor to be called. He listened and said that my heart was all right. He stated that I was suffering from mental depression. He gave me pills for constipation and some ointment for the itching . . . We've got a good pig. We've ordered sausages.

*March 21:* Such a frightful day we've never before had in Budyennovka. In the evening a Russian bomber appeared, dropped flares, and then 12 bombs. The windows rattled in their frames. You can imagine my feelings as I lay in bed listening to the drone of the plane and the explosions.

*March 23:* Today I cross-examined a woman

who had robbed my interpreter, Frau Reidman. We gave her a good thrashing on her bare behind. Even Frau Reidman cried when she saw it. Then I went for a walk in the village and dropped in on our butcher, who's preparing me the sausages . . . Then I examined two fellows who had tried to get away to Rostov over the ice. They were shot as spies. Then they brought me a youngster who came over the ice from Yeisk some days ago . . . By the way, they're bringing me liver sausage. It's not half bad. There's a girl I wanted to thrash . . .

*March 27:* The night passed quietly . . . I examined two 14-year-old boys found wandering about in the neighborhood. I ordered a woman to be beaten for not registering herself.

*March 28:* I paid a visit to Colonel Arbeitsfuehrer Weiner. At 6:00 P. M. I ordered a man and a woman to be shot who were trying to get away over the ice . . .

*April 1:* I received 108 marks in rubles—a big wad of money. Valya is massaging and bathing me again . . .

*April 10:* The sun is baking hot. When Maria opens the window in the morning, bright sunshine floods my bed. Now I've got a swollen nose. Maria hunts lice on me. The ice has disappeared, and now it's only airplanes that threaten us. I again had several girls and fellows thrashed for not getting registered. Among them was the elder's daughter. I get an unpleasant feeling when it begins to get dark: then I think about bombers.

*April 11:* They're all glad I came here. They treat me like a tsar. We have good suppers and drink vodka . . .

*April 12:* Every morning I drink hot milk and eat an omelette . . . There's not so much work now . . . Now we work only on a local scale. Punishments consist either of flogging or shooting. Usually I have people flogged on their bare buttocks.

*April 16:* Today's been a quiet day. The only thing I did was to settle a quarrel between the elder and the chief of the militia, and then I thrashed three men and one woman who, in spite of the fact that it's forbidden, came to Budyenovka looking for work . . . Then I thrashed another female in uniform: she admitted she was a Red Cross worker . . . I several times got vodka, cigarettes and sugar from the Rumanians. I'm happy again. At last Groschek got to the point of recommending that I should be awarded a cross with swords of the second rank for military services, and I received the award.

*April 17:* The girls (Maria, Anna and Vera) are singing and playing round my bed . . . In the evening some reports came in, and I went with the interpreter to investigate on the spot. Wom-

en's gossip. I thrashed two girls here in my flat on the bare buttocks . . .

*April 18:* A dull, rainy day. I summoned a lot of girls who didn't approve of the Secret Field Police. I thrashed them all.

I need quote no more from the diary of the Secretary of the Secret Field Police Friedrich Schmidt. I could hardly bring myself to write the sickening lines. In the whole of world literature you probably couldn't find a more vile and contemptible villain. He shoots boys and girls, and is afraid of airplanes. He is a miserable coward. He can't get to sleep in the evenings for fear bombers may come. Here you have a real thoroughbred German. Not for nothing did they give him a cross with swords for his military services; he was a real hero at torturing Russian girls.

He even valorously slaughtered a four-year-old child. A disgusting coward, who is tortured by the thought: "But what if they catch me?" He gets diarrhea, goes itchy all over with sheer fright. A mean, pedantic-minded little German, he writes down how many eggs he ate, how many girls he shot, and how he alternates between diarrhea and constipation. He is a profligate and a sadist. He admits rapturously: "I thrashed a lot of girls." He hasn't a single human feeling. He is not fond of his folk. He could not find one word of affection for his accursed Germany. He writes with enthusiasm only about sausage . . . this hangman and butcher. He greedily counts the money he gets for his hangman's work, counts the marks and pfennigs, the rubles and kopeks. For one moment something dawns upon this mad beast: he sees with what heroism Russian boys and girls endure torture, and he asks in terror, "What is it?" A brute blinded by the light of human superiority!

The diary of the Secretary of the Secret Field Police is an exceedingly valuable document. True, it is not the first time we have read of monstrous orders about shootings. True, it is not the first time we have found notes about murders and tortures in the diaries of German soldiers. But these were merely references in passing. Here the German himself has given us a full-length portrait of himself. Here the German appears before the world in his true colors.

I ask foreign newspapermen to give the diary of the Secretary of the Secret Police to all papers of freedom-loving countries. Let the English and Americans know about the work of Friedrich Schmidt. Let the citizens of the neutral countries learn about it. The conquering German, the cavalier of cross and swords, the confidential colleague of Graf von Foerster, should be known the world over.

I ask our readers, citizens of our beautiful, honest and clean-souled country, to read over carefully these notes of a German. Let their hatred for the vile invaders grow still stronger. They will see before them a hangman with the itch, a brutal bully who breaks the handle of his whip over the tender bodies of Russian girls; they will see the German, a dealer in sausages, a trader who trades the linen of the victims of his shootings; they will see the murderer of a four-year-old child. Workers, men and women—give more shells, mines, bullets and bombs, more

planes, tanks and guns: millions of Germans, such beasts as Friedrich Schmidt, are scouring our country, torturing and killing our dear ones.

I ask my readers, commanders and fighting men of our glorious Red Army, to read the diary of the German Friedrich Schmidt. My friends in the fighting ranks, remember that you have Friedrich Schmidt before you. Not a word more—only guns, only death for all, down to the last one! Reading about our brothers and sisters tortured in Budyennovka, let us take an oath: They shall not get out alive—not one, not one!

May, 1943

## Expectation

FOR many a day now we have been reading that “no material changes occurred at the front.” But we know that even in days like these, struggles are still going on. Artillerymen are diligently seeking enemy batteries. Scouts sally forth in search of a “tongue”—an enemy who will let his tongue wag. Snipers, those virtuosos in the administration of justice, steadily reduce the invaders’ numbers. Guerrillas attack German columns. Stupendous battles are fought in the air, and our bombers make their own corrections in the orders of the German command regarding the concentration of troops.

Nevertheless, the lull on the front continues. German war prisoners say that this lull has a disastrous effect on our enemy’s psychology. When there is a relative silence all around him, the German begins to think—and a thinking German is only the eighth part of a German. His whole strength lay in his unthinking plunge forward, lured on by the scent of his prey, urged on by the Fuehrer’s bellow. Now the German is left to his own cogitations and is asking himself—what exactly has happened?

The newspaper *Angriff* hastens to bring him to his senses. And who is it that comes forward in the role of preacher? One of the gangster chiefs, their own Dr. Ley, who made a fortune in cars, who was the foremost brawler in Germany and notorious for breaking the ribs of a boon companion in one of their haunts. This bandit writes dolefully: “We do not deny that the blows inflicted on us have been fairly shrewd. Nor do we deny that last year and this we have suffered reverses in North Africa . . . We admit

that we hate this war and that we would much prefer constructive labor to being in service to the War Gods. We hate our enemies because they forced this war on us.”

Thus this brawler coos plaintively. He is beginning to grasp the fact that he, too, has ribs . . . But who will trust this lament? The paper for which Ley writes is eloquently named the *Angriff*, which means assault. That word conveys the whole outlook on life of both Ley and his master Hitler.

After Stalingrad and Tunis the Germans are out of humor with the War God. But they have no other idol, nor did they ever have.

The *Angriff* wrote on June 28, 1941: “Then at last . . . in the radiant morning our army crossed the frontier and marched ahead. Here were the first enemy dead. Here was the wonderful music of bombs. What German’s heart does not feel a thrill of joy when he hears a melody like this? Our dashing soldiers, who had seen triumph in Norway, Flanders and Greece, sweep onward, blessed by the ancient God of War.”

The Germans were fond of the War God in those days. They are very much like the savages who grease the lips of their idol when they have luck in the day’s hunting, and whip him when they haven’t.

Even the most dull-witted German understands that Dr. Ley is departing very markedly from the actual truth. Nobody ever forced this war upon the Germans. The Germans forced it upon the whole world. As far back as a year ago the Germans wrote that “war is the summit of the German spirit.” What is this “constructive” labor of

which the rowdy Ley dares to speak? What did the Hitlerites do before the war? They "constructed" tanks and bombers. They tortured recalcitrants in camps. Then they proceeded to construction: which meant that they destroyed Warsaw, Rotterdam, Orleans, Belgrade, Minsk, Gommel, Smolensk and hundreds of other cities, and trampled half of Europe underfoot. They were firmly convinced that the world had been created solely that the Germans might march through it. They rejoiced as they watched our cities burning. They guffawed when they mowed down refugees from low altitudes. They drew inspiration from the spectacle of the children they had crippled.

Now the German can read in an article penned by Ley that peaceful toil is more beautiful than robbery. The German papers write, too, of the dangers attendant upon the moral disintegration of the German army. It is neither conscience nor the conclusions they have reached in their own minds that are sapping the German soldier, but inaction. For the first time he is beginning to realize that when supper is over, the bill is presented along with the broken mirrors; that high-spirited marauding must wind up with heavy retribution.

The Hitlerites make ineffectual attempts to soothe their soldiers. Even while assuming the defensive, they say, Germany may still win the war.

In the *Donau Zeitung* the sprightly Schramm declares, "A defensive war follows Germany's indigenous traditions." For four years now these Schramms have been dinning into our ears that Germany's traditions are offensive, and nothing but offensive. In those days there was only one word in their vocabulary—"lightning"—so when did the bandit pass to defensive warfare? Only when he was surrounded by honest people. Germany's traditions were those of assault. Hitler prided himself on falling upon one country after another on Saturday night when peaceful civilians least of all expected it.

In 1870 the Germans, starting with an offensive, pushed on to the center of France. During the First World War, they seized Belgium, Northern France, Rumania, Poland and a portion of Russia. In this war Hitler has been attempting an offensive for three and a half years. The Fuehrer used to talk of "Germany's offensive traditions." The Germans forced their way into Egypt; they sojourned on the banks of the Volga. If Schramm now keeps harping on the traditions of defensive war, it means that the minds of German soldiers have to be distracted.

What is worrying the German soldier still in Orel and Belgorod? For one thing, he sees no way out. He receives letters from home; his wife

writes from Duisburg that she tried to clear out to Dusseldorf, but on the way met her sister-in-law who was clearing out from Dusseldorf to Duisburg. The German soldier sighs: the fourteen bombs have jarred even the stolid brains of German men and women. The soldier picks up a newspaper which speaks of bombardments, of the preparations of the Allies for landing troops. "We shall not let them in," the newspapers declare, but the soldier is extremely uneasy. For 130 years now Germany has been fighting exclusively on foreign soil, which no doubt explains the German fondness for the War God.

Now the war is clearly shifting toward Germany and the soldier feels uncomfortable. His sister writes from Dresden, "Everyone is afraid of the workers—the Ukrainians and Serbs—who have been brought here. Robert says that if our army only so much as flinches under the blows of the enemy, all this polyglot crew will fall upon us."

The soldier thinks to himself that Robert is remarkably near the truth this time: 7,000,000 enemies are waiting, crouching ready to spring from the very loins of robber Germany. Further on the soldier reads what the *Relazione Internazionale* has to say: "We will not leave, we will resist. On June 10 it will be three years since Italy entered the war. Despite the fact that the Italian army has no good results to show, Italy will carry on with the war." This wrings a heavier sigh from the soldier: he remembers June 10, 1940, when he was marching to Paris. Confident of Germany's imminent triumph, Mussolini resolved to attack France. Having conveyed the declaration of war, the Italian Embassy did not leave Paris, but barricaded itself in the house on Rue Varennes. The Embassy officials were awaiting their masters' arrival. It was then that they bawled: "We will not leave; we will resist."

Nobody touched them. Paris, now frantic, was racing for dear life along the highways. Four days later the Germans entered the city.

Three years have passed. Italy has lost everything and tomorrow, if not today, Germany will lose her foremost vassal. The German soldier recalls the Italians who were stationed in the Ukraine with him last summer. They are no more. And where are the Hungarians? It is said that they have gone home . . . Even Rumanians are as rare as old coins nowadays.

True, the Fuehrer is recruiting village elders and "police" to replace the Rumanians, but it is a case of substitute for substitute . . . The Germans have to fight alone now. They did their robbery in company, but they will be called to account separately.

We know that Hitler may attempt to break

through our defenses—to push ahead. He may take fright at the mildew on the stagnant waters of the German army. He may attempt to bolster up his authority with boastful communiques. He is as crazy as ever, and this fact must not be forgotten. He acts upon the intuition that once took him to Stalingrad and Africa. He is capable of doing anything outrageously inept. He is even capable of undertaking an offensive.

This lull cannot weaken us. For there are live coals in our hearts, and coals do not go out; coals burn the things they touch. If a man at the front forgets himself for a moment in a green wood, he is reminded of the foe by the rustle of leaves and the cry of birds. He remembers that Russian women and their children are roaming these woods, sheltering here from German hangmen. Every cottage tells him the country's terrible woe. Silence weighs heavily upon his heart—not with doubt, but with hatred. When all is quiet, when the sun is shining in the sky and the earth is robed in emerald, the flame of wrath burns hotter.

Who of us will ask: what are we fighting for? We are fighting for our beautiful, our desecrated land. We are fighting for the greatest of all values: liberty. We are led on by conscience, hot with indignation, and no words can console us. We know that every minute brings our brothers new trouble. We know that the lovely Poltava country is racked with sobs in these days of lull on the front. We know how hard it is for ancient Kiev, gentle Byelorussia and the pleasant Orel

lands of which Turgenev wrote, to wait in these days. We hear the words "No material changes," but the groans of our dear ones are borne from the west.

The yearning for vengeance lends silence to the footsteps of our scouts and steadies the sniper's hand. Twelve months ago hatred was new to us; it seethed in us, almost suffocated us. Now we have passed through this to the cold, alert, righteous hatred of last summer.

What happened yesterday at the front? On one sector Red Army men took 18 German prisoners, on another artillerymen put out of action two enemy battalions, on a third a sniper picked off his 200th German. There is a Messerschmitt falling mortally wounded by an excellent shot. There is a platoon of ours hauling an armored car they have seized. And all this is the daily round, the common task of an ordinary, quiet day. But the embers are still glowing under the ashes.

What material change has taken place during the day? Our hearts have become heated to a still higher point. Our regiments have grown still stronger. The day of victory comes still closer. The silence is tense with expectation. The Germans are awaiting retribution. Attacking, retreating or digging themselves in—they see but one end before them—death. We, too, are waiting. But what we are awaiting is different: it is liberty for our captive sisters, justice for the world, victory for Russia when her tribulations shall be ended.

June, 1943

## Bombing and Biology

IN 1938 the Nazi magazine *Archiv fuer Biologie und Rassengesellschaft* published an article "On the Usefulness of Aerial Bombardments From the Viewpoint of Racial Selection and Social Hygiene." The author declared: "A person whose nervous system is defective cannot stand heavy aerial bombardments. Thus, aerial bombardments will help us to discover the neurasthenics and remove them from social life."

This article was written a year after German bombers had destroyed the Spanish town of Guernica. In 1939 they ravaged Warsaw. On May 14, 1940, they demolished Rotterdam. On April 6, 1941, they burned Belgrade. Through the autumn of 1940 they bombed London every night. In 1941-42 they carried death to Leningrad, Chernigov, Gomel, Livny, Yelets and countless other Russian towns.

Now the German press protests hotly against

the bombing of German towns. I cannot quote the *Archiv fuer Biologie und Rassengesellschaft* on the subject, but here is a quotation from Goering's *National Zeitung* of July 18: "We mourn not only the death of our fellow citizens, but those shocks which all residents of Essen have to suffer. Bombardments inevitably affect the nervous system, and how many sensitive natures have been crippled forever by the barbarous raids, how many talented adolescents, how many frail German women have been affected with nervous ailments, frequently incurable . . ."

We still await a competent article in the *Archiv fuer Biologie und Rassengesellschaft*. No doubt they will be able to convince Essen that air raids are useful, as the bombs hit neurasthenics.

Can it be that the four-tonners of our Allies have turned the staff of this respectable magazine into neurasthenics? . . .

December, 1943



# Museum Piece

THE servility of German war prisoners, the insolence, cowardice, greed and doltishness expressed in their "diaries," arouse one's legitimate contempt. How could these creatures have seized half-a-score of states? How could they have pushed as far as Egypt and the Caucasus? The answer is to be found in Moscow at an exhibit of arms captured from the Germans during the past two years. Here we see how Germany's industry, her technical skill, her long experience and her diligence were all dedicated to one purpose—the attack. And then she converted vanquished peoples—the French, the Czechs, the Belgians—into her armorers.

Among the museum pieces is a huge 211-mm. howitzer. The Germans hauled this gun across Europe and set it up at the near approaches to Moscow. They built a reinforced concrete base for it. They amassed great ammunition dumps to feed it. But it fell into the hands of the Red Army before it had time to fire a single shell.

In those days the Germans had superiority in engines. They had the advantage in military experience. What ruined them was their blind faith in machines, in the infallibility of army manuals. At the exhibition you may examine airplanes that once zoomed over Stalingrad, speedboats which were intended to carry triumphant German soldiers up the Volga. But the speedboats never reached the Volga. Here they are, lying quietly at anchor in the Moscow River—museum exhibits.

Here are transport planes that once carried provisions to von Paulus' army. Here are shreds of dried horseflesh, motor trucks intended for the Caucasian mountains, enormous mortars captured when the Leningrad blockade was broken. There are on exhibit more than 60 tanks—60 out of 42,400 lost by the Germans during the past two years. Among them are specimens of the T-6, the "Tiger," which made its debut on the Soviet front in the spring of this year. The Germans placed high hopes in the "Tiger," but Soviet artillerymen knocked out over a dozen of the monsters in the very first encounter. This reduced the efficiency of the German tank crews by destroying their belief in the invincibility of their machines.

Drawn up in rows on the vast exhibition ground are motor vehicles of all makes—Mercedes, Opel, Skoda, Renault, Fiat. Two years ago on a dazzling June morning they hurtled along the roads of Lithuania and Byelorussia. These are only the survivors. Others of the wheeled horde lay charred or crushed flat near Kalinin, Volokolamsk, Malo-

yaroslavets, Kastornoye, Stalingrad, Vladikavkaz.

Here are ranks of bombers, unharmed, humbled—they were taken on the nest: bombers guilty of the sufferings of London and Leningrad, importunate Focke-Wulfs, Messerschmitt 109s, attack planes—Germany's entire poultry yard.

Some of the tanks are a queer tan color—they were intended for the sultry deserts of Egypt, but something unforeseen happened on the way: the Red Army offensive. So the tanks found themselves on the snowy steppe before they could be repainted. Alongside the German machines stands a Rumanian cart found in the Kuban, with wheels of prehistoric pattern. No doubt Antonescu's forefathers rode on such carts in the 10th Century.

This gigantic exhibit contains only a sample of the booty captured by the Red Army. Strangely enough, as I wandered through the grounds I was aware not so much of the exhibits as of Soviet might on land and in the air. The Soviet people are not fighting with empty hands. The talent of inventors, the farsightedness of the Soviet Government, the self-sacrificing labor of working men and women, the alliance with the U. S. A. and Great Britain, created a force which enabled the Red Army to halt the enemy and begin the liberation of its country.

We have never deceived ourselves about Germany's strength. If there are still any naive, heedless people among us, let them visit the exhibit. They will see what a deadly foe we are up against. But in this display of the enemy's strength one senses Russia's self-confidence.

The nature of fascism is revealed in these inanimate things. Everything designed for the destruction of the adversary looks solid enough. But what disregard for the lives of their own soldiers. . . . Sleeping-bags made of paper are a charming invention for the Russian winter. Here are samples of the celebrated ersatz "felt boots," huge clumsy contraptions of straw. Fritz is fed on grams of various surrogates. Paper bandages bind his wounds. Hitler can still find iron with which to shoot recalcitrants, but he can't find bandages to dress his soldiers' wounds.

The human being is the last thing the fascist ever thinks about, and yet victory depends on human beings. It was not only the Red Army's machines and armaments that decided Paulus' fate, but also the maturity of its commanders, the courage of its men. And that will decide Hitler's fate, too.

*July, 1943*

INTO GERMAN  
SLAVERY



RAPISTS



# The Murder of the Jewish People

**TERRIBLE** is the roster of Nazi crimes. The graves of the innocent, the charred ruins of cities, cry out to the conscience of the world. In Russia the Hitlerites are massacring women, old people and children—Ukrainians, Russians, Byelorussians. Their treatment of the Jews is fiendish. History knows no other instance of an entire nation being exterminated with such methodical ruthlessness.

We have seen much in these years of war. We have grown accustomed to human suffering. Yet I must speak. I must tell of what the Hitlerites are doing to the Jews of Russia. I must tell of the slaughter of infants. I cannot remain silent: the shades of the dead surround me. I know my words are pale. Who can depict the visitation of hell? I will speak only of what I know. This will be a dry record.

In the German-usurped Ukraine and Byelorussia, in the regions where the Germans set foot, not a single Jew, not a single Jewess, not a single Jewish child survived.

This is what occurred in the Caucasian health resort of Essentuki. The Germans entered Essentuki on August 1, 1942. On August 5 the German commandant announced that all Jews must be registered; 1,967 persons were registered. All Jews, including old people and children from the age of 10, were put to heavy work. Lieutenant Pfeifer, "responsible official for Jewish affairs," tortured the unfortunates.

On September 7, city commandant von Beck published an order that all Essentuki Jews should present themselves at the premises of the "Jewish Committee," bringing with them clothing totaling a weight of 30 kilograms, a plate and spoon and provisions for three days. The announcement stated that the Jews were to be transferred to "sparsely inhabited localities."

On September 9, all Jews of Essentuki were assembled in the former schoolhouse. Some of them, sensing a trap, tried to commit suicide. Herzberg, an instructor of Leningrad University, hanged himself. Professor Efrus of the Leningrad Institute of Pediatrics and Instructor Michnik also attempted to end their lives. The Germans saved them only in order to execute them with the rest.

The doomed people were brought to the schoolhouse at night. The children wept. The guards cursed and sang songs. At six A. M. on September

10 the Jews were put into motor trucks and driven to Mineralnye Vody. Their things were distributed among the police. About a kilometer from Mineralnye Vody there is a glass factory. Near it an anti-tank trench had been dug, and to this trench the Jews of Essentuki were brought. The lips of the children were annointed with poison. The adults were ordered to undress and the Germans piled their clothing and footwear into trucks. Those who tried to run away were shot. The rest were lined up beside the trench in contingents and slain.

At this same spot all the Jews of Mineralnye Vody, Pyatigorsk and Kislovodsk were also massacred. In the trench were discovered over 10,000 corpses mutilated by motor vehicles and buried in several layers. The workers of the glass factory have put up a memorial tablet stating that over 10,000 Jews were slaughtered beside that trench.

In Stavropol, the Jews were exterminated on August 14, 1942. They were also lured to assemble with the promise that they would be "transferred to unpopulated districts." They were then stripped and put into special hermetically-sealed vans where within eight minutes they expired from asphyxiating gases and were then carried outside the city and buried in a ditch. Twelve-year-old Lina Nankin escaped the general fate: her mother had not taken her along. All day German soldiers armed with tommy guns looked for this 12-year-old. The following day Lina, deaf to the entreaties of neighbors who had concealed her, went herself to the Gestapo and said, "I want to go to my mother." The Germans killed her.

The Germans made parcels of the things taken from the Jews. Some 300 parcels of clothing stripped from the women and children before their execution were sent to Germany.

In the village of Izobilnoye, near Stavropol, the Hitlerites publicly slew 62 Jews among whom were 38 children under 10 years of age. One the Bolshevik State farm, Ipatovo District, the Germans shot 26 Jewish children with tommy guns and threw the bodies into a well. There were thousands of eyewitnesses to these massacres. They say, "Ever since that day we cannot sleep—the murdered children hover before our eyes."

In the town of Morozovsk lived a physician, a Russified Jew named Nya Kremenchuzhsky, his wife and two daughters. One of the daughters had a husband at the front. She had been left with

an infant. Kremenchuzhsky's wife was a Russian. She survived by a miracle. She related, "The Germans killed 248 Jews in all, but in one night they killed 73. They came to our house that evening, shouting, 'Is Doctor Kremenchuzhsky at home? Get ready and your family too.' My husband immediately realized what was afoot. While we were being driven in the truck he handed doses of poison to me and our daughters, saying, 'Swallow it when I make a sign with my hand.' One of the powders he reserved for himself. We were led into a cell. It was crowded; we all had to stand. Outside the window SS men kept bawling, 'We'll finish you off soon.' The children wailed, some of the women were hysterical.

"My younger daughter wanted to swallow the poison, but my husband tore it from her hand saying, 'You must not. Imagine what will happen to the others. We must support them and share a common fate.' Then my husband cried aloud two words in Yiddish, 'Brider Yiden,' (brother Jews)—he could not speak Yiddish. He went on to say, 'We must die with dignity, without wailing or tears. Let us not give pleasure to our executioners. I beg of you, brothers and sisters, to keep quiet.' An awful silence followed his words. Even the children fell silent. There was an engineer, Margules, among us. He suddenly began hammering at the door, shouting, 'There are Russian women here by mistake.'

"One of the Germans asked 'Where?' They pointed to me and my daughters. The German led us into the corridor, saying, 'We'll look into this tomorrow.'

"Then they began to massacre all the others. They were murdered in the courtyard. Not a cry was uttered. I wanted to save my grandchild and so we ran away. We were concealed by the schoolmaster, Svishchev. That was in August."

In the village near Morozovsk there were some children working on a collective farm. The rumors of the fate of the Jews reached the village. Six Jewish children aged 8 to 12 set out for Morozovsk. Learning that their parents had been carried away by the Germans they went to the commandant's office. There they were given a glad welcome and taken to the Gestapo. In the cell there was a Russian woman of 47, Elena Belenova, superintendent of a children's nursery. The children wept and Belenova comforted them, saying their parents were alive. The exhausted children fell asleep, lulled by her. At three in the morning the executioners came. "Auntie, where are they taking us?" the awakened children cried. Belenova reassured them saying, "To work in the country."

The story of that night was told by Matryona

Izmailova, who happened to be in the same cell. The bodies of Belenova and the six Jewish children were found in a common grave in Morozovsk.

In Belgorod, during the massacre of Jews, a Russian girl student, Tamara Savitskaya, was shot. She was the wife of a Jew named Lifschitz. She had a four-year-old son. The child was killed with her and the other Jews. Mother and son faced the execution together.

In Kursk there were 400 Jews. The Germans killed them. They dashed out the brains of infants against stones to save ammunition. Among the slain were the eminent medical men Gilman and Shendels, who had saved the lives of thousands. These old men were slaughtered together with their families. When the Hitlerites were retreating from Kursk they remembered there were three Jews in the typhus hospital. They went there and in the ward shot two girls sick with typhus. Only one Jew, Engineer Kisselman, survived in Kursk. He was a patient in the hospital and the nurse told the Germans he had died.

One Jew survived in Kursk, and one crazy old Jewish woman in Voroshilovgrad (she fled the city and wandered about the fields), one Jew in Rostov, three Jews in Kharkov. The Germans have slain hundreds of thousands of Jews. The adults were asphyxiated with gases, the children poisoned. This is a truth which the world should know.

German officers and soldiers in their letters and diaries readily describe this extermination of Jews. Feldwebel Schubert, of the 299th Infantry Division, speaks in his diary of the Hitlerites' "scientific experiments." "The Jews are placed in special vans where they are asphyxiated with gases and their corpses then buried with the help of excavators."

What happened, or rather what is happening, in the cities still occupied by the Germans we learn from the few fortunate ones who have by chance escaped the butchers' clutches. Anna Schneiderman, a girl student of Moscow University, was saved by the inhabitants of Smolensk. She told me of the extermination of the Smolensk Jews. When the Germans occupied the city they transferred the Jews to a camp which they called a ghetto. There the Germans made sport of their victims: they compelled old men to dance, then killed them. They raped the Jewish girls and buried the children alive in sight of their mothers, saying, "We are planting Jews—new ones will grow."

On July 7, 1942 all the surviving Jews—1,500 in all—were led out of the "ghetto," put into hermetically-sealed vans, asphyxiated and buried seven kilometers outside the city. In Krupko the Germans shot about a thousand Jews as far back

as October, 1941. They drove them into a swamp, lined them up along a ditch, stripped them naked and killed them. Little children and old people were among them. In Kholopkovichi, 900 Jews were buried in sandpits.

Red Army man Alexander Shapiro, who escaped from German captivity, was in Dniepropetrovsk. There on October 16, 1941 the Germans shot 26,000 Jews. He was also in Pavlograd where on October 12, 1941 the Hitlerites massacred 4,000 Jews. In April, 1942 in Kharkov, in the courtyard of the tractor plant, the Hitlerites shot 13,000 Jews. In November, 1941 in Poltava they slew 3,000 Jews.

Figures convey nothing to the heart. People are accustomed to figures. But I would like them to hear behind these figures the wails of infants and the cries of mothers.

In Vitebsk the Germans buried Jewish children alive, and the inhabitants will never forget the cries that rose out of the earth. One who had escaped from the city said, "I heard the earth wailing." This man—who had often looked upon death, had lost his family and had been twice wounded—covered his face with his hands as he told me this. In the village of Volnovakso the Germans crowded 80 Jews into a barn and set fire to it. The children shrieked in the flames, but the Germans laughed.

There is no form of torture or execution which the Germans have not applied to the Jews. Soldiers armed to the teeth looked upon children as legitimate game. They slew with axes and gases, primitively and "scientifically." They resorted to deceit, telling the Jews everywhere they were being sent to work, then killing them. They appropriated the property of the slain, and girls in Germany are parading in frocks stripped from massacred Jewish girls.

I am surrounded by the shades of the dead. Every day I see men and officers of the Red Army, Jews by nationality, who have learned that their wives and children and mothers were killed by the Hitlerites. I must speak. The living and the dead demand it. Conscience demands it.

Germans on our soil are murdering Jews from other countries. Red Army man Efim Reinov escaped from a war prisoners' camp in Minsk. He relates that in Minsk the Germans killed Jews from Hamburg. In the Minsk ghetto the Germans held 20,000 Jews from Minsk itself and from Western Byelorussia, and also 10,000 Jews from Hamburg. Among them were professors and artists, physicians and musicians, people of all professions.

Every Saturday the Germans led out of camp a contingent of the doomed. In the column were women with children in their arms, and old men.

The musicians were compelled to play the Hebrew song *Kol Nidre* or fragments from the opera *La Juive*. The people were led to a ditch, mowed down by machine guns and buried while still alive. Two hundred orphaned children were dispatched separately, their brains being dashed out against rocks or posts. All that summer of 1942 the Germans brought Jews from western Europe to Minsk, ostensibly for work.

Jews were brought from France, Belgium, Holland and Czechoslovakia—Jews with portmanteaux and satchels. They were confined to what is known as a military town, some eight kilometers outside Minsk. From there they were taken in hermetically-sealed vans to ditches. Red Army man Reinov spoke to some of these doomed people. He witnessed mass executions.

How can one describe these things? I was brought up in Moscow. My native tongue is Russian. I cannot speak Yiddish. I am a Russian writer, a Soviet citizen, a man to whom European culture is precious. Now I am attached to the Jews by the bonds of the untold suffering of our nation. Russian Jews have always loved their country. Never, even in the gloomy days of the Kishinev pogroms, did any Jew confound the crimes of the Tsarist police with the sentiments of the Russian people. The Jews driven from Russia by the pogrom-mongers always retained their attachment to their lost homeland.

I have seen Jews in Turkey, France and Holland who cherished their love of Russia and the Russian language. The Jews in the First World War fought bravely for their country. They did not fight for the Tsar, they fought for Russia. They knew the magnanimity of the Russian people and their yearning for justice. And today the Jews of the Soviet Union are in the front lines. Bravery cannot be measured. Sacrifices cannot be counted. Blood cannot be weighed. I will put it briefly: the Jews are performing their duty.

I appeal to the Jews of other countries, and above all to the Jews of America: You are aware now of what Hitlerism spells. You know what the Nazis have done to your brothers and sisters. Can you sleep in peace in New York? Are you not disturbed by the moans of the slaughtered children of Minsk and Pyatigorsk?

You may say you have given your money and your sons. Do not count. Give everything. Remember the shriek of the mother when they dashed her child's brains against the stone. What will it avail you if you save part of your fortune? Nazis will come and kill you. They will kill your children, your grandchildren. You have sent your sons to the army? Go yourself. You must kill the Hitlerites, or else the Hitlerites will kill you. You are

in the army? Then ask to be sent to the front lines. Urge your countrymen on! You have millions of slain to back you, millions of doomed to support you.

If Hitler exercises his sway, in another year or two there will not be a single Jew left in Europe. You are entitled to demand, "Send us to the Continent." Jews of Palestine, you are entitled to say, "We cannot march in the rear, we want to save our sisters." Jews of neutral countries—forget about rules, regulations and tranquility. Hasten to the belligerent countries, donate your wealth, offer your lives. Shame on all who shirk, who hide themselves in this terrible year.

Writers, friends, champions of right—you must utter your word. I cannot appeal to those whose mouths have been sealed by the Nazis—above all to Romain Rolland. I appeal to those who can speak: to H. G. Wells, Alexei Tolstoy, J. B. Priestly, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Mann, Bergamin, Pablo Neruda. Who, if not you, will defend the mutilated and outraged?

Pillory the appeasers! Declare that those who seek mercy for assassins are not humanitarians, but abettors of assassins. Stand up for the honor of the dead. Remember, you are the heirs of the prophets of old. You are familiar with the words of love. Let love suggest to you other words—words of justice.

I want to say to the people of all nations, of all religions, all persuasions: Let the fate of millions of slaughtered Jews be a lesson to you.

In the cities of Russia the Hitlerites, having exterminated the Jews, are now exterminating Russians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians. At first the Germans said, "We will kill the Jews, but we will spare you. You shall be our slaves. Rejoice that the fate of others is worse than yours."

Having massacred all the Jews, the Hitlerites are now massacring Russians. They exterminate the populations of entire villages. They shoot Russian children, hang Russian old men. Hitler publicly declares that he has decided to exterminate the Jewish nation. But he does not announce his secret dream of annihilating all nations except the Germans. He does not speak of that, but his soldiers, his Gestapo agents, his SS men are slaying Russians, French, Poles and Czechs.

Let the blood of Jewish children fan the flames of the world's wrath. The Nazis conceive the slaughter of millions of innocent Jews as only a prologue. Let it be an epilogue of the blackest chapter in world history. I speak in the name of the dead and the living. Forward to battle! Time is pressing.

Every minute's delay will weigh on the conscience of the procrastinator.

July, 1943

## Remember the Ukraine

**T**HE enemy whines and philosophizes by turns. He tries to pass off his lily liver as a remorseful heart. We must not forget that we face a greedy, selfish and malicious foe. Let us remember the Ukraine.

Fascism is a huge corporation for the plunder of the world. Goering holds the biggest share of stock, but the average Fritz, too, is a shareholder. He gets part of the swag. Before me lies the prospectus of the *Ukrainische Gesellschaft fuer Gartnerzeugnisse und Kartoffeln*, which means "The Ukrainian Association for the Cultivation of Fruit and Potatoes." Don't think that the Fritzes are proposing to do the potato digging or the pruning. The document states frankly, "The aim of the company is the forcible expropriation of food from the Ukrainian population." The *Milch und Fett Zentrale* steals the butter and cream. The chicken-eaters are united in the *Eier und Gefluegel Zentrale*.

There are twelve different corporations for robbing the Ukrainian people. The Germans are

tired of plundering retail. Now they plunder wholesale. They decided to cut down the forests along the Dnieper and Desna Rivers. The gentlemen from the *Holz Verkauf* company are making a pile out of the destruction of Ukrainian woodlands. The timber is used to build fortifications.

In addition to the German garrisons in the Ukraine, there are civilian Fritzes and Gretchens whose job it is to scavenge the very last crumbs from the people. The *Deutsche Ukraine Zeitung* writes, "Our most important task is the care of German girls in the Ukraine. German youth is growing and developing in German organizations in the Ukraine. They have brilliant prospects before them." The Germans have set up an enormous summer camp in Nikolayev. Five more have been opened in the "Kiev region." In these camps the Fritzes and Gretchens are taught how to impose taxes on villages, how to conduct requisitions and searches, how to fight guerrillas.

A "Higher School for Ukrainian Fuehrers" has been opened in Kiev. Here picked Fritzes are

taught the "sciences" necessary for German commandants. The *Deutsche Ukraine Zeitung* is published in Lutsk. It has a large circulation—100,000 copies. Quite a number of Fritzes and Gretchens befoul our beautiful Ukraine. Part of the soil has been divided among German landowners, for whom a special magazine is published—*The German Agriculturist in the Ukraine*.

Alfred Rosenberg reviewed them not long ago. A parade of German civilian thieves was held in Kiev, in front of the palace that looks over the Dnieper. There were 5,000 of them, male and female. They looked well-fed. Rosenberg made a speech: "You Germans, surrounded by a foreign and frequently hostile population, see that you remember Germany's needs." The reminder was superfluous. Every Fritz and every Gretchen sends parcels home each week without fail. The Ukrainian people wither and die, but the Fritzes put on weight.

The same Rosenberg said, "Germany's frontier has moved 1,500 kilometers eastward. This territory is rich in coal, grain and cattle. We have become invulnerable. Much German blood has already been shed for the possession of the Eastern space. There is a law: if German blood has been shed, Europe must work unreservedly, without sparing her strength."

Thus spake the ober-slaveowner. His audience, the slavedrivers, the overseers, the prison wardens, cracked their whips, snorted and yelled "Heil!" The *Berliner Lokalzeitung* describes the career of one of the overseers: "He fought in the war and was made a lieutenant for his services, this peasant from Saxony. He studied at special courses, after which he got his present appointment. He is now in charge of three collective farms of over 32,000 acres. He must settle everything at his own discretion. Three thousand Ukrainians are under his control."

How does this sausage-eater from Saxony manage things? Here is a letter addressed to Sergeant Major Robert Grade of the German army, found on the Soviet front: "Old Otto is doing splendidly. He is now a commandant. And do you know what? He arranges marriages, and even makes gifts of vodka and matches for the wedding. But in return for this he has the right of the first night. This sounds like a fairy tale. . . ."

What is the truth behind this base letter? It means that some Otto from Saxony or Prussia rapes Ukrainian girls at will, for he is tsar and god in the village.

Hundreds of thousands of girls and women have been sent to Germany, but the slaveowners are not content. The Ruhr magnates demand labor. So a new profession is now open to the prom-

ising young German—that of slave-hunter. Every Fritz who turns over to the commandant's office an able-bodied Ukrainian woman who has evaded deportation to Germany receives eight marks in cash and the right to send twelve kilograms of food to his family. Within a month one German lance-corporal "found" eleven Ukrainian women, including one 13-year-old girl and two women of 46 and 52.

There are "scientific laboratories" in the Ukraine where Nazi "scientists" experiment on living people. Until recently they made their experiments on Jews. Now that they have exterminated the Jews, they experiment on Ukrainians. What sort of "experiments" are these? Testing the effect of various poison gases, pumping blood out of children for transfusion to German soldiers, forcible fertilization and sterilization.

What do the ruins of Chernigov, what does half-dead Kiev mean to the Germans? Dividends. The Germans think they have settled in the Ukraine for eternity. At courses in Kiev, Nikolayev and Konotop "professors" lecture to Nordic young ladies on "German fertility." One of them declared: "Taking into consideration the fertility of the Nordic race and the discipline of German women, in 40 years the German population will predominate in the Ukraine."

Every Fritz in the Ukraine has already figured out his "brilliant prospects"—how many slave girls, cows and reichsmarks he will own by 1960.

Here is a letter written by a German woman to her son, an airman named Franz Hedenik, captured on the Southern Front: "You write that it is hard for you because you are young. It is hard for us now in Germany, too. Show no mercy to the Russians. Destroy everyone and everything as best you can. If we had the strength we would get our own back on both the British and the Russians. Our apartment has been smashed by a bomb. The lovely pictures you sent from Russia were destroyed. This cannot be forgiven."

So because her stolen goods were destroyed by a British bomb this German woman howls for the destruction of all and everything. Even four-ton bombs are not enough for them. Ah, no. A trial is necessary. Things will not be settled without the infantry.

By 1960 the black deeds of the Nazi scoundrels will have faded into the past. But now it is 1943, and the heart cannot stand it. There is no joy for us in the summer serenity. We hear the grief of the Ukraine. If the fire of hatred sinks low within you, remember the hangmen with their thick pocketbooks crammed with the blood of the Ukraine.



PLUNDERERS



REFUGEES



# Bondwomen's Sorrow

**B**EFORE me lie dozens of postcards. They are from Ukrainian girls carried off to Germany. They reached the villages of the Western Ukraine from camps in Frankfurt, Berlin and Kustrin. They were passed by the German censor. Little can be said on these postcards, but there is so much grief in them I cannot read them without emotion: the Ukraine sheds bitter tears.

Irene P. was among those taken. A tag with a number had been attached to her breast. Only a short time ago she was called Irene; she had a mother, an aunt, and a friend, Opanas. Now she is slave girl No. 558,271. Half a million Ukrainian girls have already been driven into slavery. Where have they taken Irene? To Frankfurt-on-the-Main. There in the munitions plant Ukrainian girls must make shells. Perhaps one of these shells will kill her friend Opanas. . . .

There are 1,500 girls here, mostly Ukrainians . . . but some are from Yugoslavia and some from Bulgaria and Poland.

"We Ukrainian girls live in a separate camp. Lithuanian girls live nearby, and further along is a camp for Russians. We get up at half-past five in the morning. At ten in the evening we wash our dresses. My dears, if you have no bread, send me some cereal. The camp superintendent used to forbid us to cook, but we are allowed to now. Some girls eat cereal. I would like to eat my fill after eight months . . . If you only knew how we live here."

"Dear Dad and Mother," writes a girl named Fedosia, "you complain that my letters are too short. I would have written longer ones if I could. But we have no postcards and letters are not sent. You want to know when I'll come back . . . I know when I was brought here, but only God knows when they'll let me out."

Irene wanted to send her mother a photograph. In January she wrote, "I want to send you my picture, but Russians are not photographed here." Finally Irene managed to have her picture taken. She is shown with a tag reading "Ost" attached to her jacket. The photograph reached the Ukrainian village, and in March Irene wrote her mother, "You want to know about that piece of paper on my jacket . . . I don't wear it of my own free will: I am forced to wear it."

The girls try naive tricks to get around the German censors. But the censors apparently have

much work on their hands, for the postcards are passed: "I am safe and sound now, but don't know what will happen next. We received the underclothing and wear what we brought with us." "You say you sent eight postcards . . . I haven't received them yet. Don't worry about me. I am all right so far. I wouldn't want you to experience what I have experienced, but I do wish it to those who have brought me here."

The girls are languishing like birds in a cage. On official German postcards they give vent to their feelings. "Oh fly, little leaf . . . oh fly eastward among the clouds," sighs Maria N. But the saddest and most moving letters come from Irene, the one who sent the photograph. "I thought we would remain together forever, but evil people have separated us. Even cattle resist being driven from their home. So do people . . . Summer will come, it will be warm and gay back home. Birds will sing, doves will coo. There are no birds here either winter or summer."

The slaves are being led along the streets of a large German city, past jeering German women. "Move faster," shout the overseers. One slave is Irene. She has a tag on her breast . . . and in her breast she bears a great sorrow. If only the smallest bird would fly here from the east and sing of the faraway Ukraine . . . Everything is strange and alien to her. Walk faster, slave. Hitler needs shells to kill Opanas and to hold your native village, Volyn.

Gallows are more terrible than postcards. Mutilated bodies shake you more than tears. But to me Irene's sorrow is more terrible than any torture. The Germans have broken young hearts. They have trampled upon man's right to die in his native land.

Tomorrow, perhaps, Irene's jailer will try to appear human. But we will not forget the enormous camps where bondwomen weep in silence. A terrible curse will hang over the land of jailers: the curse of silence. Justice will walk silently along Germany's wide streets. Perhaps birds still sing in the Black Forest and in Harz. Irene did not hear them. The bondwomen cannot hear them.

Let the birds disappear from the sky over damned Germany. Let the jailers have neither words nor names—only numbers.

*September, 1943*

# The Beginning of the End

**I**N this solemn hour we desire to think, to look back. . .

September, 1941 . . . German columns march along the main street of Kiev. Every day, to a beating of drums, to a whistling and rapping, to Hitler's barking and the ululation of hundreds of commentators, the Berlin radio announces the capture of more towns. Countrywomen watch the retreating Red Army with dry, hard eyes. Field Marshal von Reichenau poses for his photograph against a background of Kharkov. The Nazi newspapers caption it briefly—"Conqueror."

Dust whirls over the roads: Guderian's tanks tear along from Putivl, from Konotop, toward Orel. Women trudge eastward with their little babies. German fliers shoot them down and returning to their airdromes toast "an early victory." Trains laden with Ukrainian wheat roll into Germany. Hitler shouts: "The Red Army is no more." Hitler and Mussolini pose amid the ruins of Smolensk. A venerable professor lectures in Heidelberg: "Russia is a colossus with feet of clay."

The Germans break into the Donbas. The autumn wind swings the bodies of hanged miners. Berlin cackles worriedly, "We haven't enough commandants or police." To them it seems that their game has been won. And even the American newspaper *The New York Times* writes: "With the loss of the Donbas the organized resistance of Russia becomes practically unthinkable."

That was nearly two years ago, and it is worth while recalling it today—today, when the colossus of Russia strides westward on its feet of steel, when many people abroad cannot think of adequate words to glorify the Red Army, when women crying with relief embrace the dust-covered Red Army men, when no one even remembers Mussolini who posed in Smolensk, and when Hitler keeps silence, having nothing more to say, when every day we learn about the liberation of a dozen towns, when the expulsion of the enemy has begun.

Yes, what is happening now is not just one more battle. It is the expulsion of the enemy. For the first time we sense, with all our being, the beginning of the end.

For two years the Germans have been writing about the importance of the Donets Basin. Multi-colored maps of the Donets Basin hung in German consulates in Argentina, in Sweden, in Portugal, just under Hitler's portrait. Triangles, diamonds and squares symbolized the riches of the captured territory. Economists wrote studies about the past, present and future of the Donets Basin. Military observers, referring haughtily to the "incomprehensible obstinacy of the Russians," pointed out that with the loss of the Donets Basin the Soviet Union could not resist for long. The *National Zeitung* titled one of its leading articles in December, 1942, "A Country Without Coal."

We knew well enough what the loss of the Donbas meant for us. We never concealed our wounds from ourselves. We have endured the unendurable. We lost the coal of the Donbas, the ore and grain of the Ukraine, the Kuban, the Don, the plants of Dniepropetrovsk, Kharkov, Voronezh, Stalingrad, the oil of Maikop. We lost a great deal.

Now the Red Army has won back the Donbas. It has won back this great workers' anthill, the heat and light of our country. We have the right to celebrate the liberation of the Donbas. But even the Donbas is now but one chapter. Something bigger is happening: the expulsion of the enemy. The Konotop Region figured in the communiques for three days. Konotop is ours. We know what Bakhmach means . . . Ukrainian eyes sparkle! Kiev already hears a faint rumbling at night: it is freedom coming.

In these days of victories I wish once more to recall that there is something in our war which distinguishes it from all other wars; our war is waged not only by the intellect of the people, not only by its ardent affection for its land. It is waged by the indignant conscience. Justice and Russia march hand-in-hand.

The advancing Red Army sees the black, devilish mark of the invader in the ashes of towns, in the bodies of men and women tortured to death. Wherever they can, the Germans drive away all the population. Before me lies an order of the German command on the "evacuation" of the Navlya district: "Everyone shall immediately set out with his family, cattle and movable property

in a westerly direction. Whoever takes the eastern direction will be fired at."

The dying snake stings. Hitlerite Germany, perishing, wants to drag the whole world with her. Mined houses leap into the air and Russian children die on the roads.

When one hears the stories of those who remained, when one looks into their eyes, blurred by fear and humiliation, one sees another "desert zone"—this time in their hearts, emptied by two years of intimidation and oppression. Our soldiers see how the Germans introduced feudal labor service for the collective farmers, how they whipped people for insubordination, how they raped, intimidated and infected girls.

The invaders will answer for everything. The Army of justice is marching westward. Germany trembles. The sword of justice has flashed before her. The Fritzes are in confusion. Only two months ago Hitler promised them a victorious offensive. A captured German officer, Siegfried Manzke, mumbles, "There is no sense in continu-

ing the war." There was sense in the war when they were out for great plunder. Then the war meant bacon for German soldiers and oil for the herren officers. Now the war has lost its sense for them.

But it is full of significance for us. We will cure them of their fighting lust. We will kill their desire to set out, every quarter-century, to grab other people's property. They will learn the price of a pound of bacon and a gallon of oil.

Within two months our soldiers have accomplished a great thing: they have struck down Germany. All the nations of the world will say with us, "It is time to finish! Let us save Europe while the slaves are still alive." The Red Army, proudly marching at the head of mankind, continues on its way. Before it lies the Dnieper. Before it is life. There was retreat, counter-offensive, defense, offensive.

And now?

Now the expulsion of the enemy!

*September, 1943*

## Twilight of the German Army

GERMAN newspapers write a lot about the "Eastern Wall." However, not only fortifications count. German soldiers may prove less stable than German fortifications. In vain Goebbels tries to reassure the Germans, "The Desna is still far from the Oder." There is something else, too: radical changes are taking place in Fritz's mentality. He is passing from self-admiration to confusion. He is now on his way to despair: that may prove nearer than the Oder.

On July 2, Major General Fichtner, commander of the Eighth Tank Division, said to his soldiers, "Remember, I have never yet been in command of a division which retreated." Two weeks later they respectfully reported to the general, "The soldiers are running."

Replenishments arrive from Germany. The replacement battalions are mainly composed of "total" Fritzes: one limps, another suffers from chronic diarrhea, a third cannot walk more than three kilometers without getting out of breath, a fourth has not even been taught to shoot a rifle. The Germans send forcibly mobilized Frenchmen from Alsace-Lorraine to our front. A replacement battalion of the German 19th Tank Division

consists of 60 per cent French, the rest Slovenes.

In the 137th Infantry Division half the soldiers are Austrians. Of course, Austrians speak German, but these are not Germans. They were dragged into Germany by force. The Austrians say, "We have nothing to do with it. They sowed, let them reap. For us it is time to go home." While the Austrians want to go home, the French cross over to the Red Army to win back France. Men from Alsace-Lorraine come over in groups with their arms. They will not save Hitler.

And the Fritzes are beginning to surrender, too.

"Total" Fritzes are learning to think. Distressed non-com Dirsus says: "Formerly every order was fulfilled without a word. The soldiers did not argue. And when the ersatz soldier receives an order he begins to argue." They go so far as to criticize their officers. Lance Corporal Brandit relates: "Our commander, Captain Rentschler, is drunk day and night, walks around with a cane and beats us." Sergeant Major Buete is offended: he expected Senior Lieutenant Haenneker to tell him something consoling. But instead Haenneker muttered: "The Russians are advancing. And you

look rather bad today," and rode away. The Sergeant Major then hastened to surrender.

The microbe of thought has penetrated even the heads of the German officers. Lieutenant von Wedel says: "It is like 1918. We are speeding toward disaster." Oberleutnant Wick disagrees with Goebbels, "We retreat because we are now weaker than the Russians." Lieutenant Elwin admits, "I fought in France. I fought in Russia from the very beginning. But firstly we were beaten at Orel. Secondly my brother has been killed. I said to myself: To hell with it all! And I surrendered." Lieutenant Kalkroit, one of the most thoroughbred Aryans, declared, "I don't want to fight for Hitler's crazy ideas. I don't believe in Germany's victory any more."

Many officers now speak very disrespectfully of their Fuehrer. Oberleutnant Baecker sighs, "Of course Hitler is a great politician, but why did he assume military leadership? True, he was a corporal in the World War, but a corporal isn't a general." Lieutenant von Wedel says: "The majority of officers blame Hitler for the latest failures. It was he who caused the loss of the Sixth Army at Stalingrad. And this summer he blundered again." Lieutenant Gutmann also has a low opinion of the Fuehrer's strategical genius: "Our officers frequently say: 'What a misfortune that Hitler took von Brauchitsch's place.'"

But there are other sorts of Nazi officers. Oberleutnant Sonntag, now in captivity, said dully, "And still the Red Army is weaker than ours." Officers still place hopes in the "Eastern Wall," in the procrastination of Germany's adversaries, in a miracle. Besides, they have bound their fate to that of the German army.

One of the duties of German officers is to give propaganda talks to the soldiers. The talks are not always successful. Lieutenant Redel was saying that the Red Army was exhausted. At this juncture the orderly whispered something to him, and the Lieutenant finished his lecture in a somewhat unexpected manner: "Each one for himself!"

Sielemann of the Sixth Infantry Division says

to his friends: "I went to visit my uncle in Dortmund. But I found neither house nor family. It turned out that my uncle was under the debris. There is nothing left of Dortmund." The Fritzes sigh, and the most intelligent of them suddenly mutters: "What then are we doing here on the Desna?"

I don't want to exaggerate by any means the significance of such scenes. By nature, Fritz is not a rebel. Fritz is a good-natured sheep trained as a wolf. Oberleutnant Walter Baecker says justly: "Obedience is in the blood of every German." Fritzes, even those who criticize, obey their superiors. They will obey until the very end. Germany will collapse as if all of a sudden: the Germans have "blitzes" at the beginning and at the end. This collapse is being prepared now—by the expulsion of the Germans.

In the winter of 1941-42 the Fritzes looked very miserable. Then I wrote: *One should not be misled by icicles under noses and the lamentation of prisoners—Germany is stronger than she seems.*

Now great changes have taken place. Now the Germans are weaker than one might think. At the end of the First World War no one realized how internally weakened the German army was. On October 25, 1918, 17 days before Germany's complete surrender, the commander of the British troops, Haig, said, "Germany is not yet broken militarily. Her army retreats in full order, showing great staunchness in action." On October 31, 11 days before the capitulation, Marshal Foch believed "the German army is still strong."

The nature of the Germans is such that even their agony will look like strength. It is not our business to make guesses as to when the end will come, but to bring this end nearer by more and more blows. The German army has been undermined. No "Eastern" or any other "wall" will save it. For the Germans the road does not lead to the west only. It leads to despair.

Strike at Germany from the West. Drive the Fritzes from Russia. Then the end may come sooner than we expect.

October, 1943

# Crime and Punishment

THE Soviet State Publishing House for Political Literature has issued the first volume of a collection entitled *Documents Accuse*. This volume includes Molotov's two Notes, as well as some 200 documents, evidence of the unparalleled crimes committed by the German army on the territory of the Soviet Union.

This volume is not exhaustive. It relates to 1941 and the beginning of 1942, whereas the most horrifying proofs of German atrocities fell into our hands after the liberation of the Don, the North Caucasus, the Donbas and the eastern Ukraine, the Russian towns of Vyazma, Rzhev, Kursk and Orel. But even this first volume suffices for the passing of a verdict. It relates how the Germans robbed the peaceful population, how they drove our citizens to Germany, how they destroyed the treasures of our culture, how they tortured and hanged defenseless townsfolk, peasants and war prisoners.

The most striking thing about the crimes of the Germans is their premeditated character and the vast scale on which they have been committed. The initiative belongs not to individual bandits, monsters or sadists, who might be found in any society, but to the High Command of the German army.

If the matter concerned one Fritz, or even one thousand Fritzes tempted by easy gain, one might explain it in terms of the wantonness of the soldiery. But we are faced by Goering's "Green File," by the notorious order of Field Marshal von Reichenau and other orders of the German High Command which show that the devastation of our country and the extermination of Soviet citizens were regarded by Hitler and his generals as one of their war aims.

Everyone knows that man's darkest instincts come to the surface during a war. In the heat of battle people are not prone to feel sentiments of mercy. The chronicles of any war abound in instances of cruelty, along with lofty examples of self-sacrifice and valor.

But the massacres by asphyxiation in "murder vans," the smearing of children's mouths with poison, the destruction of whole villages with

their populations, the branding of war prisoners, cannot be classed as the psychological excesses of a handful of people. We are confronted with an unparalleled crime, of which hundreds of thousands, if not millions, are guilty, beginning with Hitler and ending with the soldiers who killed infants in Krasnodar and in Vitebsk, in Kiev and in the villages of the Kalinin Region.

At the beginning of the war one German newspaper let the cat out of the bag when it stated: "It is necessary to reduce the population of Ostland by 30 or 40 per cent."

Of course, there are among the Germans very many sadists for whom murder is an amusement. These monsters try to vary the process of manslaughter. They "invented" the two-story gallows, various systems of torture, burying people alive. I recall a toy gallows in one village in the Kalinin Region: a kitten was swinging from it. There were no more Russians left in the village, and the German officers, missing their amusements, hanged cats. But the "murder van," i. e., a truck in which the victims are killed by gas, is not an amateur device. It is a state method. Such "murder vans" are manufactured by a Berlin factory and form part of the equipment of the German army.

The brutal abduction of the population is similarly not the improvisation of some officer, but the fulfillment of a plan drawn up by the Berlin government. The German press refers frankly to the slave labor of millions of Soviet citizens forcibly brought to Germany. The slave trade is plied openly in Germany. Kiev students are compelled to be housemaids to German women, and the German newspapers write, "Russian and Ukrainian girls have eased the existence of many German housewives."

And the destruction of cultural treasures is not the vandalism of individual Fritzes, but the fulfillment of von Reichenau's order. The German wishes to destroy the culture of the Soviet peoples in order to "make better use of Ostland."

Now that the mass expulsion of the enemy from our country has begun, now that we see the dawn of victory, the problem of responsibility becomes more acute. Our people and entire mankind can-

not be reconciled to the idea of the impunity of the instigators of these horrible crimes. The conscience of the people will not be lulled. Hitler and his associates will not be able to "resign."

This time not only the diplomats, but the peoples, raise the question of punishment. People who would speak of forgetting would be classified not as humanitarians, but as hypocrites and covert adherents of the hangmen.

I do not think that mere dozens, or hundreds, of higher chiefs are responsible for what has been committed. The SS troopers have displayed not only obedience, but a veritable zeal in murdering and torturing. Can the problem of the responsibility of the SS men be restricted to Hitler and a dozen of his henchmen? Can we forget the tens of thousands of commandants and Gestapo men, the burglars from Rosenberg's battalions, the "agricultural sonderfuehrers," the punitive detachments?

The list of identified criminals is long. No doubt in their extremity they will attempt to plead orders as an excuse to shift the blame on to other heads, to play the downtrodden subordinate. But they will hardly fool anyone: events are too fresh in the memory of mankind.

Cruelty has demoralized not dozens, but hundreds of thousands of Germans. A German corporal describes in his diary the massacre of the inhabitants of a Byelorussian village. Two hundred men killed one thousand villagers. For economy, the children were to be killed without spending cartridges. The chief asked for volunteers, pointing out that this required people with strong nerves. There were found among the two hundred soldiers eleven "amateurs" who volunteered to kill the children by smashing their heads against tree trunks.

Thus an ordinary German battalion contained 100 per cent rank-and-file executors of murder, and five per cent of sadists for whom the murder of children is a pleasure.

The conscience of the peoples, as well as the desire to make the world safe, demands the isolation of such sadists, demands their punishment. The question will arise: are these 95 per cent of the soldiers who shot women and old people without protest responsible? In my mind there is no doubt regarding Germany's responsibility for the

destruction and crimes wrought in Russia and the other occupied countries.

But inasmuch as we have to deal with the responsibility of hundreds of thousands, we are not interested so much in punishment as in the safety of our children. For a hundred and fifty years Germany has done her fighting on foreign territory. This has fostered not only a liking for war, but also cruelty. The Germans were trained to the idea of conquest and destruction of foreign property, as to a peculiar form of economic management.

During the First World War in France, I saw Germans retreating to the Hindenburg Line. They were not only burning factories, they were also cutting down the orchards. It was a kind of preliminary sketch of the "desert zone" they left behind them in the Smolensk and Orel Regions. The world must be protected against the recurrence of such things. The German appetite for bandit raids, for gallows and "murder vans," must be eradicated. German housewives must be made to regret that Kiev student girls were their housemaids.

I consider that the expiation of these crimes demands the creation of conditions under which the guilty may expiate their crimes by labor and return to the standards of human society. The responsibility of those who executed death sentences, who participated in mass requisitions or exploited slave labor is indisputable. Responsibility means expiation, opportunity to make up for crimes. Responsibility is associated with the problem of safety for our country and the whole world.

It is not my business to discuss the organization of postwar Germany. But in speaking of the crimes of the Hitlerite army I wish to stress the need for protecting the world from the recurrence of such "campaigns." The re-education of men and peoples is a long affair. The time will come when the German people will really devote themselves to peaceful labor, and the spirit of international obligations will penetrate them.

But before us we now have not only brute rulers, but morally crippled subordinates. The blood of their victims demands that we protect the world from new Goerings and new anonymous lovers of other people's wheat and oil. That is the moral of *Documents Accuse*.

October, 1943

# Justification of Hate

**O**F all Russian writers, the Nazi ideologists show the most forbearance toward Dostoyevsky. The scenes of moral torment depicted by the great Russian writer are to the Nazis' liking. The fascists, however, are not very discerning readers; to grasp the genius of Dostoyevsky, who in delving into the darkest recesses of the human soul illuminates it with the light of compassion and love, is something beyond them.

One German "critic" wrote in a magazine article: "Dostoyevsky is the justification of torture." Stupid and vile words. The Hitlerites are making an attempt to justify Himmler by Dostoyevsky. They are powerless to understand the self-sacrificing nature of Sonya, the benignity of Grunya. To them the Russian soul is a sealed book.

The Russian is by nature gentle, passionate, easily pacified, ready to understand and forgive. Many French writers of memoirs mention how the Russian soldiers who were in Paris after the defeat of Napoleon carried water for the French women, played with their children, shared their meals with the poor of Paris. Even in those black years when Russia was attacked by a foreign foe the Russians always adopted a benevolent attitude toward prisoners of war. After the defeat of the Swedes at Poltava, Peter I had a kind word for the war prisoners. Sauvage, an officer in Napoleon's army, writes in his memoirs of 1812 that the Russians are "good-natured children."

Some 10 years ago I happened to be in the Transylvanian town of Oradea Mare. What surprised me was the number of people in stores, cafes and workshops who understood Russian. Many of the inhabitants of this town, it appeared, had been taken prisoner by the Russians during the First World War. All of them had the most pleasant memories of the years they spent in Siberia or Central Russia, and spoke at great length about the kind treatment and sympathetic attitude of the Russians. Time and again at the beginning of this war I saw our men chatting peacefully with war prisoners, sharing their tobacco and food with them. How did it happen then that the Soviet people came to abhor the Nazis with so implacable a hatred?

Hatred was never one of the traits of the Rus-

sians. It did not drop from the skies. No, this hatred our people now evince has been born of suffering. At first many of us thought that this war was like other wars, that pitted against us were human beings, dressed only in different uniforms. We were brought up on the grand ideas of human fraternity and solidarity. We believed in the force of words, and many of us did not understand that opposing us were not human beings, but frightful, loathsome monsters—and that the principles of human brotherhood imperatively demand that we deal ruthlessly with the fascists, that with the Hitlerite one can speak only in one tongue . . . the tongue of shells and bombs.

The Russians have a saying and in it the people have expressed their attitude toward just and unjust wars: "Wolf-hounds are justified, where cannibals are not." It is one thing to destroy a mad wolf, it is another thing to raise one's hand against a human being. Now every Soviet man and woman knows that we have been attacked by a pack of wolves.

A savage may smash the most exquisite statue, a cannibal may feast on a world-famous scientist who happens by chance to land on an island inhabited by cannibals. But the German fascists are civilized savages and conscientious cannibals. Looking recently through diaries of German soldiers, I found that one of them, who it appeared took part in the Klin pogrom, was fond of music and particularly "admired" Tchaikovsky. Desecrating the house of the composer, that man knew what he was about. Ravaging Novgorod, the Germans wrote long-winded dissertations on the "architectural beauties of Naugart"—that's what the Germans call Novgorod.

In the pockets of one dead German our men found a baby's underclothing spattered with blood, and a photograph of his own children. He murdered a Russian child, but his own children he undoubtedly loved. To the Germans murder is not a manifestation of an unsound mind but a premeditated act. After slaughtering thousands of children in Kiev one Nazi wrote: "We are annihilating the offspring of a terrible tribe . . ."

Of course, there are good and bad men in the

ranks of the German aggressors; but the point is not the psychic qualities of this or that Nazi. The German "good fellows"—those who at home give way to sentimentalities, give pick-a-backs to the kiddies and feed German cats with morsels of their rationed hamburgers—murder Russian children with the same pedantry as do the bad Germans. They murder because they have come to believe that only people with German blood are worthy of living on this earth of ours.

At the beginning of the war I showed one Nazi war prisoner a leaflet. This was one of the first leaflets we published and it breathed the naivete of a man who had been roused from bed in the dead of night by German bombs. The leaflet stated that the Germans had made a wanton attack on us and were conducting an unjust war. The Hitlerite read it through and shrugged his shoulders: "That does not interest me in the least," he said. The question of justice did not interest him in the least: he was out for Ukrainian pork. It had been dinned into his ears that wars of aggression were a means of making something. He was out for "vital territory" for Germany and "booty" stockings for his wife.

What astounded us was the businesslike and efficient manner in which the Germans robbed. This was not the perniciousness of individual marauders, but the flagrancy of a hoodlum soldiery—the principle on which Hitler's army is built. Every German soldier is materially interested in the robber campaign. Personally I would write a very short leaflet for the benefit of Hitler's soldiers, a leaflet containing only five words: "You won't get any pork." This is all they are capable of understanding, all that actually interests them.

In the diaries of the Germans one can find a record of what they rob; they keep accounts of the chickens they gobble up and the number of blankets they pilfer. They pillage and steal without any qualms of conscience, as though it were not live people they were stripping but gooseberry bushes. If a woman refuses to hand over her baby's dress to a German soldier—he'll threaten her with his rifle. And if she dares to defend her property—he'll murder her. He does not consider it a crime: he'll as soon murder a woman as go into a forest and break twigs—without thinking twice about it.

Forced to retreat, the Hitlerites consign everything to the flames: to them the Russian non-combatant population is as much an enemy as the Red Army. To leave a Russian family without a roof over its head is considered a military achievement by them. At home in Germany they are forced to toe the line, they will not so much as throw a match on the floor or dare to walk

on the grass in a public square. In our country they have trampled underfoot entire regions, defiled entire cities, turned museums into latrines and converted schools into stables. This is done not only by clodhoppers from Pomerania or herdsmen from the Tyrol—it is being done by assistant professors, writers, "doctors of philosophy" and "learned counsel" reared by Hitler.

When our Red Army men—our collective farmers of yesterday—saw for the first time, in the Moscow or Tula Regions, entire villages in which only chimneys and dovecotes remained, they thought of their own villages on the Volga or in Siberia. They saw women and children exposed to the bitter frosts, robbed by the Germans of every bit of clothing. And a savage hatred gripped them.

One German general, ordering his subordinates to show no mercy to the civilian population, added: "Sow fear in their midst." Fools and dolts—they do not understand the Russian nature. They sowed not fear, but the wind that will reap the storm. The first scaffold set up by the Germans on Soviet soil made many things clear. Now everybody in our country knows that this war does not in any way resemble the wars that went before. For the first time our people have found pitted against them not human beings but vile, malicious monsters, savages, armed with everything that modern science can give, fiends who act according to rules and regulations and refer to science, and for whom the slaughter of infants in arms is the last word in statecraft.

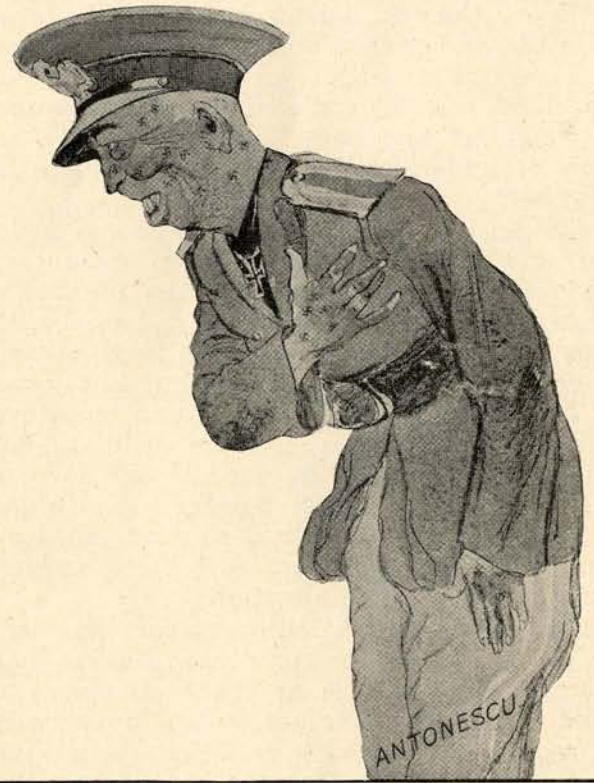
Hate did not come to us easily. Entire cities and regions, hundreds of thousands of human lives—this was the price we paid for it. But now our hatred is ripe; it no longer goes to the head like young wine; it has become cold and deliberate. We have realized that the world is too small a place to hold both us and the fascists. We have realized there can be no question of compromise or coming to terms, that the question at issue is plain and simple: our right to exist.

And having learned to hate, our people have not lost the good inherent in them. Need one mention that what they have been through has quickened their hearts? One cannot think without emotion of the mothers of large families who in our trying times are adopting orphans and sharing their all with them.

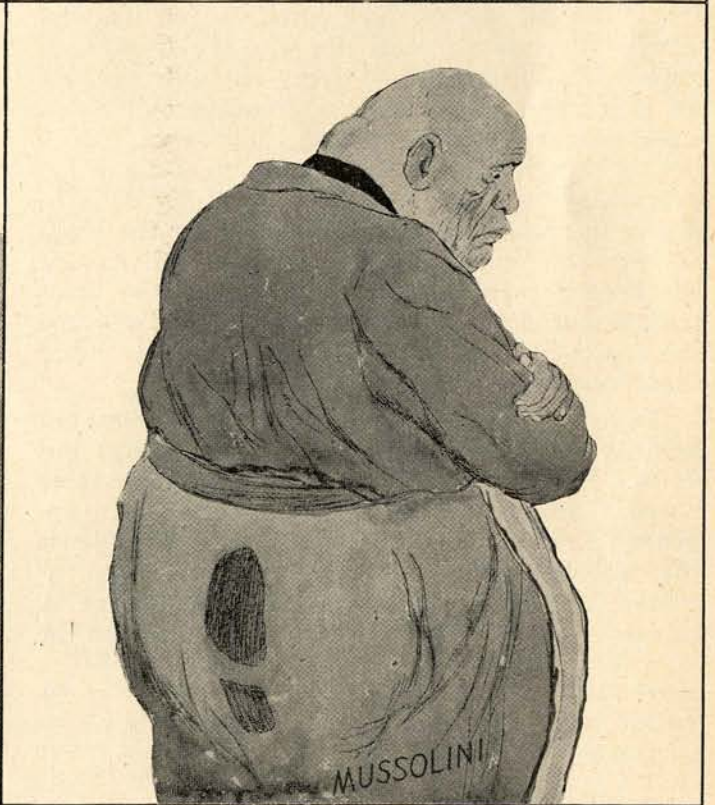
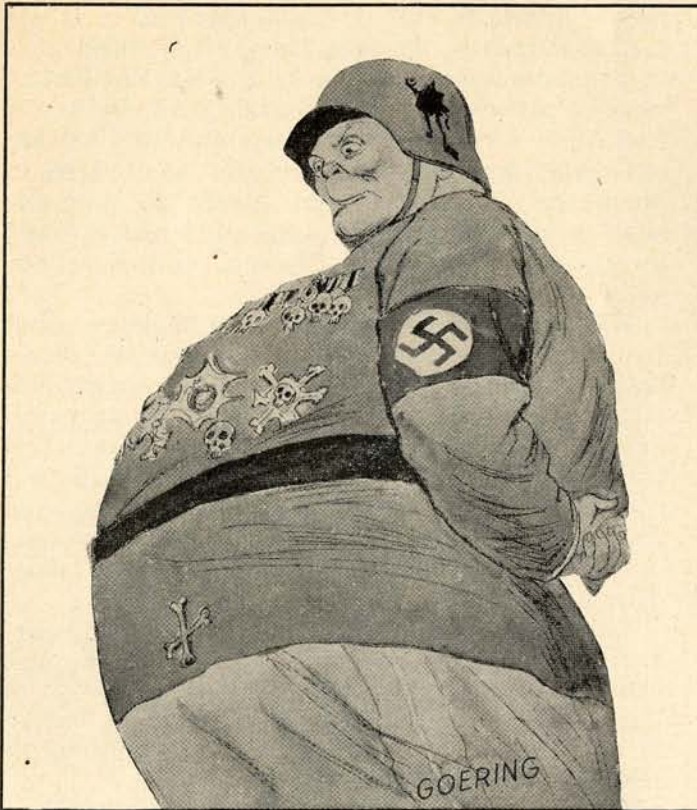
I recall to mind young Lyuba Sossunkevich, a military nurse. Under enemy fire she rendered first aid to the wounded. The dugout was surrounded by Germans. Revolver in hand she fought single-handed against a dozen German soldiers, defended the wounded men under her charge and



EXHIBITS FROM THE



FASCIST ZOO—By Kukriniksi



saved them from the inhuman treatment and torture that would have been their lot. Or take the modest work of another Russian girl, Varya Smirnova, who under rifle and trench-mortar fire delivers letters to the very front lines, guarding them as something most precious. She said to me: "It's only natural . . . after all everybody's so anxious to get a letter. Life would be so dismal without letters from home . . ."

But the Russians do not evince a deep concern only for their own people. They understand the sufferings of other people, too. What profound human sympathy emanates from the declaration of the women of much-suffering Leningrad to the women of London; how many times have Red Army men questioned me about the sufferings of desecrated Paris. I happened to be present once when Red Army men were listening to a newspaper report telling how the Nazis had doomed the people of Greece to death from starvation. One of the men, a collective farmer from Saratov Region, said: "It's a real calamity . . . Everywhere it's the same. We've got to wipe out those Fritzes as quickly as possible so as to help people."

Our hatred for the Hitlerites is dictated by love—love of our country, love for man, love for humanity. And in this is the force of our hatred. In this is its justification. Coming to grips with the Hitlerites we see how blind hatred has destroyed Germany's soul. We are far from such hatred. We hate each and every Hitlerite because he is a representative of a misanthropic principle, because he is a convinced murderer, a robber on principle; we hate every one of them for everything they have singly and jointly done in our country and in other countries, for the tears of widows, for the blighted children's lives, for the dreary caravans of refugees, for the fields trampled underfoot, for the millions of lives and the fruits of long years of highly creative labor they have destroyed.

We are fighting not against human beings, but against robots who resemble human beings but do not have a grain of humanism in them. Our hatred is so much the stronger because in appearance they look like human beings, because they can laugh, because they can pat a horse or a dog, because in their diaries they indulge in introspection and because they have taken on the

guise of human beings and civilized Europeans.

We often use words whose original meanings are changing. It is not of base hatred that our people dream in calling for vengeance. It is not for this that we brought up our boys and girls . . . that they should stoop to the level of atrocities perpetrated by the Nazis. Never will our Red Army men murder German children, set fire to Goethe's house in Weimar or to the libraries in Marburg. Vengeance—that means to pay one back in one's own kind, to speak to one in one's own tongue. But we do not have a common tongue with the fascists.

What we are yearning for is not vengeance, but justice. We are out to destroy the Hitlerites so that the principles of humanity shall again flourish on the earth. We rejoice at life in all its variegated and intricate forms and aspects, the native traits of nations and peoples. There is sufficient room for everybody on this earth of ours. And the German people, too, shall live, having purged themselves of the monstrous crimes of the Hitler decade.

But even the widest latitudes have their boundaries: just now I do not want to think of or speak about the future happiness of a Germany rid of Hitler—such thoughts and words would be out of place and insincere as long as millions of Hitlerites are running amok on our soil.

Iron exposed to bitter frost sears like fire. The antithesis of hatred is life-giving love. "*Death to the German invaders!*"—these words sound as a vow, as an oath of allegiance to life. The Red Army men who are meting out death to the Hitlerites do not stint their lives. What inspires them is a magnanimous integral feeling . . . and who can say where fury against the ruthless enemy ends and the ties of blood which bind one to one's country begin? The death of every Nazi evokes a sigh of relief on the part of millions of people. The death of every Nazi is a pledge that the children of the Volga Region will know no sorrow and that the ancient liberties of Paris will again be reinstated. The death of every Nazi is the elixir that will save the world.

A Christian legend tells how St. George slew the dragon to liberate the fair prisoner. Today the Red Army is slaying the Nazis in order to bring liberty to harassed mankind. The struggle is stern, the task is no easy one. But no task can be loftier than this.

October, 1943

# The Graves of Piryatin

ON April 6, 1942 in the town of Piryatin, Poltava Region, the Germans butchered 1,600 Jews—old men, women and children who were unable to get away in time.

Why did the Germans kill the Jews? An idle question. In Piryatin they also killed hundreds of Ukrainians. In the village of Klubovka they murdered 200 Byelorussians. They are slaying Frenchmen in Grenoble and Greeks in Crete. They have to slay the defenseless, for that is their reason for being.

The Jews were escorted along the Grebec Road and brought to the Prirogov Glades, about three kilometers from Piryatin. There commodious graves had already been dug. The Jews were stripped of their clothing, and the Germans and their policemen right there on the spot divided up the women's and children's things among themselves. They drove five persons at a time to the graves, and shot them down with Tommy guns.

I cannot talk of the execution of babes at the breast. Words fail me. The Extraordinary Committee for the investigation of German atrocities will have its say. History will pass its judgment. I will only tell of the torments of Peter Cherpurchenko. He was brought to the spot at three in the afternoon and with him over 300 other Piryatin inhabitants. They were given spades. They saw the Germans butchering babies. At five o'clock the German officer commanded: "Fill up the graves!"

From the pits and the ground issued shrieks.

Beneath the thin layer of earth, human beings still alive stirred and writhed. "The earth heaved," Cherpurchenko says.

Suddenly a man rose from the earth. It was Cherpurchenko's neighbor, the Jew Ruderman, a carder in a felt-making factory. Ruderman's eyes were bloodshot; he was covered with blood.

"Put me out of my misery!" Ruderman cried. Behind him came an answering cry, "Put me out of my misery!" It was another acquaintance of Cherpurchenko's, Sima the carpenter, who had been wounded but not killed. At Cherpurchenko's feet lay a dead woman. A little boy of five crawled from under her body and whimpered, "Mama!" Cherpurchenko saw and heard no more. He lost consciousness.

Peter Cherpurchenko is still alive, but his life has been poisoned. He cannot forget the day of April 6, 1942. He begins: "It was the second day of Easter . . ." and then breaks off. He stares fixedly in front of him, seeming to be listening to something. What does he see? A little boy shaking his dead mother? Ruderman's eyes?

On that day the Germans killed Cherpurchenko too. I want you, the defenders of our country, to know this. When you see a German, remember the graves of Piryatin. Remember the little boy of five. You, too, have a young son or a young brother. Conscience will give you no rest as long as the butchers walk the earth.

The time is past for talk. The time is past for indignation. This is the time for one thing only—to slay the vile and unscrupulous assassins.

*November, 1943*

## Nikolai Davidov—Age One Year

THE following document was found among the papers of the Elder of Vyazovaya village, recently liberated from the Germans:

*List of executed inhabitants of Vyazovaya village, Uza Rural District—*

1. Natalya Muzalevskaya, age 43
2. Natalya Muzalevskaya, age 18
3. Diana Muzalevskaya, age 16
4. Lev Muzalevsky, age 13
5. Valentina Muzalevskaya, age 9
6. Tamara Muzalevskaya, age 5
7. Rima Muzalevskaya, age 3
8. Vladimir Davidov, age 35
9. Anatoli Davidov, age 8
10. Viktor Davidov, age 5
11. Nikolai Davidov, age 1

12. Maria Pryadochkina, age 60

*(Signed)* Elder Muzalev

*September 19, 1942*

Can this be forgotten? Can one live, knowing that the men who murdered tiny one-year-old Nikolai Davidov and ordered his name to be entered on a list are still walking the earth?

This is hard to speak of and impossible to forget. We still have a long way to go. But we'll get there. We'll find them. We'll find them hiding under beds or in vegetarian restaurants, or at the end of the world.

We'll remind them of one-year-old Nikolai Davidov. We'll remind them of a great many things. We'll reach them.

*December, 1943*

# A Matter of Conscience

I HAVE just made a journey of over 600 miles—from Orel to the Sozh, from Rylsk to Slobodka, a suburb of Kiev. I have no words adequate to describe the grief which the enemy has brought to our country.

Near Gomel one night we passed some villages recently abandoned by the Germans. The embers glowed. The Byelorussian villages of Vasilievka, Gornostayevka and Terekhovka were dying amidst smoke and tears. I saw Chernigov one transparent autumn day. It looked like a phantom: charred stone against pale blue sky. A woman whispered over and over again: "They brought people here, stripped them and buried them . . ."

Memorial tablets are still intact on the facade of a demolished house: here lived Taras Shevchenko, here in the Tsarograd Hotel Pushkin stayed. . . . The Spassky Cathedral, as old as Saint Sophia in Kiev, has been mutilated. It was built in the middle of the 11th Century by Mstislav the Brave. The centuries spared it, but not the hand of the German vandal. Another monument of the 11th Century has been burned—the Boris and Gleb Cathedral. The library, containing many rare books and collections of ikons and archives, was destroyed. Ancient Chernigov on the Desna, Kiev's own brother, with its chestnut trees and gay gardens, has been burned.

I passed dozens of burned villages, one after another. Everywhere were the same signs of human misfortune. All through the cold nights homeless children warmed themselves by the glowing embers; in the daytime they rummaged in the rubbish looking for broken household goods. They huddled for shelter in pits, in dugouts, in shacks.

The Germans slaughter the cattle as they retreat. They used to drive away the cows and eat the hogs and geese. But here the retreat was hasty, and so Tommy gunners shot the pigs. The Germans machine-gunned the herds. Dead cows with split bellies lie around the fields.

Gentle, pure as a maiden, is Byelorussia. Irresistible is the charm of her villages with their crane-like wells, with crosses on the village boundaries, with golden-haired, bashful children.

I wish to tell of the death of Vasilievka. It was a

big village of 640 houses. Twenty-eight are left standing. They stood apart from the main streets, and the Germans did not pass there. "Torchbearers" methodically set fire to the straw. The peasant women tried to hide the cows in a gully. The Germans found the cows and shot them. Motorcyclists killed off the hogs. The people of Vasilievka hid in the forest. The Germans seized 37 of them, took them to a meadow and shot them. They murdered the old man Semyon Polonsky, and they murdered 13-year-old Adam Filimonov.

I spoke to Mefody Vaskovtsev. The Germans took him to the place of death, wounded him, but did not kill him. He looks at the world with terrible eyes which understand too much. He says, "I do not think I will be able to live. My spirit will not hold out." I saw Maria Selitskaya sobbing among the ashes: the Germans had killed her son Vanya. She stretched out her arms to the empty gray sky and in her black shawl, stricken with grief, she was Niobe, symbol of inconsolable motherhood.

The village of Vasilievka was put to death on September 26. Soldiers of the Sixth German Infantry Division, under the command of Lieutenant General Grossmann, burned and murdered. Prisoners say indifferently: "We had our orders." The Brovary district was a place of gardens and orchards: Kiev got its vegetables and fruit from there. Brovary exists no more: of 2,300 houses, 160 escaped destruction. It is not easy to find any trace of life in this district. Here is the village of Bogdanovichi. One cottage and one 70-year-old man. Here are the ashes of another village—Semi-polki. This smell of burning, the ghosts of the homeless under the autumn sky, will haunt me as long as I live.

The commandant of Kozelets, von Dippol, had his residence in Kiev. He used to come to Kozelets on visits. In this small town the Germans shot 860 people. On March 19, 1943 they shot 274 people. They turned the bank into a prison. There doomed people were undressed and taken out of the town in their underclothes. All the Jews in Kozelets were killed. An old tailor spat in the face of a German before he died and shouted something.

What else can I add? That a child saved by its mother remained alive in Rylsk? The mother lay on the little boy. She was killed by a bullet in the back of the head. The three-year-old boy remained alive under the dead body of his mother. Or perhaps that in Sumy, in the basement of School No. 5, 300 Ukrainians were tortured to death? Or shall I recall how in Piryatin the mound over the grave of 1,600 people moved? The people were not shot dead. They were buried alive.

Where are the apple trees of Ponyri? Where are the orchards of Poltava? Where is the theater of Sumy? Where are the antiquities of Chernigov? Where are the schools? Where are the tractors? People huddle in pits. They plow with cows, or pull the plow themselves. There are no more gay girls in the Ukrainian villages—they are in Schweinfurt, in Swinemunde, dying among heartless jailers.

It seems as if all the birds have deserted the orchards and the cherry trees have dried up. There are no more old Jews, quaint old men, and dreamers, tailors and shoemakers in the Ukraine. Hundreds of thousands of children have been killed by the Germans. That army, equipped with the most up-to-date weapons, the officers with Zeiss field glasses, with Leica cameras, with monacles and fountain pens, murdered infants.

Perhaps people will forget this some day. But we who have seen will not be able to forget anything. The retreating Germans destroy everything. They do this methodically: such are the orders of the Supreme Command. "Torchbearers" are sapper detachments of the German army. "Torchbearers" are helped by infantry, by tankmen, by cart-drivers.

I have a bundle of documents that seem to smell of smoke and blood. Here is an order of the commander of the 34th German Infantry Division, dated July 30, 1943:

"All local residents from 14 to 55 are to be seized and treated as prisoners of war. If, because of the absence of sufficient guards, they cannot be used on the spot as labor power, they are to be sent to war prisoner collecting stations. The compulsory abduction of the remaining population is to be carried out in accordance with previously established rules. Demolition is to be effected by special units . . . In the first place, grain reserves, agricultural machinery and public buildings are to be destroyed. Small agricultural implements are to be taken along whenever possible."

Here is another order, issued by the commander of the 19th German Tank Division on September 5, 1943:

"Men from 16 to 55 are to be evacuated as prisoners of war. They are to be directed to the collecting center of the 19th Artillery Regiment.

Other residents to be sent under guard and put at the disposal of the district sonderfuehrer. Only persons affected with contagious diseases to be left in districts subject to evacuation. All other persons to be detained, and in case of resistance, shot. People may be employed by units to build defenses on condition that they are kept under continuous surveillance. They should be marked by numbers on their backs. The numbers one to 99 are assigned to the 73rd Motorized Regiment and from 100 to 199 to the 74th Motorized Regiment. Later on these people are to be evacuated as prisoners of war."

Here is a letter from a private of the 12th Motorized Infantry Regiment of the Fourth German Tank Division: "The day before yesterday we left Novgorod-Seversk. We burned down the whole town. We also burn all the villages we abandon. Today we burned down another big village. The people must stand by and see their houses burn."

Here is a letter from Private Johann Hauster, Field Post 11981: "Dear Wife—Retreating at night, we burn everything. Whole villages burn, the entire harvest in the field must also be burned. We ransack the houses as the residents leave the villages. What do you think—is it better to drag the goods around or send them to you?"

Here are excerpts from the diary of Otto Berger, staff lance corporal of the Second Security Battalion: "Stary Bykhov is completely demolished; 250 Jews were shot . . . We have eaten well . . . The prisoners of war dug their own graves. We lined them up and shot them, row after row . . . Shot a Communist. We drove him to the forest with a whip and made him dig his own grave . . . In the evening we shot two men. They dug their grave, kissed each other and lay down. They were father and son . . . It is surprising that the Ukrainian population is hostile to us . . . Our field police shot 60 Ukrainians. Shostka is a pretty little town. Fifty prisoners were brought here and given to us to use for target practice. . . The prisoners of war eat rotten potatoes. They have no strength at all . . . Dead bodies lie in three or four layers . . . All the Jews were shot on New Year's Eve in Smolensk . . . We are in Fishgovo. There are two Russian girls here, 17 and 18, very pretty. We shall have to rape them . . . We are in Navarovo. Shot 156 guerrillas today . . . I wonder where the boundary of the power of the German state will be . . . Retreating to Novozybkov. All the villages on the way burned. This was fine territory for German colonization. Big Russian forces pierced the front."

Can one speak of retribution? All right, this staff lance corporal was killed. But can the black

life of this stupid, vile murderer atone for every thing he did?

I spoke to two criminals, sonderfuehrers, "agricultural directors." They tormented the Buryń district of the Sumy Region. Kurt Ruescher is 36. He owns 110 acres of plow land. Five slaves till this land—one Serb, two Poles and two Frenchmen. In Kassel, Kurt Ruescher attended training courses in banditry. Kurt Ruescher has 25,000 reichsmarks in his bank account.

Nikolaus Bohrmann is two years younger than Kurt Ruescher. He, too, is a farmer. He has 100 acres and five slaves, three of whom are Russians. He has 60,000 reichsmarks to his account.

What did these sonderfuehrers do? They drove 4,500 Ukrainian girls to Germany. They seized from the peasants and sent to Germany 3,964 cows, 2,306 horses, 42,000 chickens, 17,000 geese, 3,700 tons of grain, 51 tons of butter, and much besides. When they had to leave the Sumy Region the thieves became incendiarists. Kurt Ruescher and Nikolaus Bohrmann burned 2,140 houses, 149 barns full of grain, 26 windmills, 84 collective farm stables, 93 schools and hospitals and 2,415 tons of grain. Kurt Ruescher went with a party of motorcyclists to the village of Mikhailovka and burned down the cottages. Nikolaus Bohrmann got his soldiers together and burned 434 houses in the village of Cherepovka. He blew up the hospital and burned three cottages with his own hands.

They do not refuse to talk. They describe their crimes in pedantic detail. Bohrmann has a long slippery face, like an eel, with fishy eyes. He says, "I received a written order to burn Cherepovka." He adds, "We sent 1,965 hogs to Germany. There weren't many hogs." He relates how he pulled an old peasant, Leonid Yanov, by the beard, how he beat up Alexandra Davydova, and explains: "They worked lazily."

Kurt Ruescher repeats, "I received an order." This one has the grin of a polecat and small, malicious eyes. He is neither better nor worse than hundreds of thousands of Hitlerites: standard

hangmen, rank-and-file robbers, assiduous incendiarists.

Ashes and the silence of death reign in the Buryń district. "There's no place to lay our heads," a woman said to me. Children clung around her. Who will pay for her grief? Who will pay for the dead in Kiev? Who will pay for the ruins of Kremenchug? Who will answer for everything?

Our people are great and good. In the Sumy Region 70-year-old Illistratov has built five cottages for others. His own cottage was burned down. He says "I'm old, I will die soon. I'll get on somehow with my old woman. But here are soldiers' wives and children without roofs over their heads." And the old man is building a sixth cottage. Help comes from Siberia, from the Urals, from the Volga. Like a loving mother Russia bends over the wounds of the Ukraine and Byelorussia.

I know the day will come when the dead towns and burned villages will rise again. But now a horrible crime is before us. It cries for retribution. I have heard people curse the Germans more than once, but the simplest word seems to me the strongest. I heard it from an old woman: the Germans had driven her granddaughter away and burned down her cottage. Hardly moving her dried lips, she kept repeating, "*Conscienceless.*"

One could not say it better. The incensed conscience of the people has pierced the front of the powerful Hitlerite army, swept from the Volga to the Dnieper and stepped across the wide river as across a little stream. The conscience of the people seethes day and night. In wrath and in sadness the Red Army men at Kiev think of the conflagrations, of the graves, of everything they have seen.

My generation has lived through much. This is not the first war I have seen. But I cannot write calmly about what I see here. A tommy gun, not a pen, is needed. We do not dare to die, we older people, without saying to ourselves before death: this will not happen again. Conscience demands vengeance, expiation, the triumph of justice.

*November, 1943*

# Confessions of the Enemy

LIEUTENANT K. F. Brandes of the German Army was killed on October 24 on the right bank of the Dnieper, south of Dniepropetrovsk. On him was found a bulky notebook—a diary. It was the diary of an intelligent and educated man. Brandes was a doctor of history and literature. He read a lot and, unlike his fellows, thought a lot. The first page of the diary bears an inscription: "In the event of my death please deliver this diary to my wife unread."

Brandes was aware that his entries would not be to the liking of his superiors. It was not a question of ideology: Brandes was a fascist. The seizure of Europe he calls "a German spring." He, like his colleagues, came to Russia seeking "lebensraum." But unlike many Hitlerites, Brandes realized the collapse of his dream. It is this that lends unusual interest to his diary. I will quote excerpts from the most interesting passages:

*June 28:* The panzer division has been on the move since yesterday.

*July 1:* It will be a long time before we recover from our winter losses. A lot might be avoided if there had been less stupidity and arrogance. I choke with rage when I think of all the idiotic assertions made in these past years. We are the victims of our own propaganda. Now we are staggering as in the First World War. The beginning was splendid. A German spring dawned over Europe. But all that is a thing of the past. We are now facing the last fight for the German dream, for the aspirations of a good thousand years.

*July 2:* A fine summer day. The sunflowers are blooming. But I am not happy. Cologne suffered heavily. I often look at the photographs of my son. How will his life shape? Will he want to be a soldier?

*July 6:* On days like this I cannot even think of my novel. It will soon be the fifth year and the end is not in sight. Yesterday our offensive began north of Kharkov. We have suffered enough this year; it is time to do something. Officers of the SS Division are astonished at the pessimism reigning in our division. They have picked the finest human material. Every one of their corporals would be a sergeant in our division. Moreover, they are always drinking and carousing, whereas our fellows often have not enough to eat. All the same the SS loot and rob the inhabitants for all they are worth.

*July 9:* Were I ten years younger I would join the SS and become an SS fuehrer. Of course they are narrow-minded and excessively optimistic. Nevertheless, in them lives the new young Germany.

*July 12:* The Americans have landed in Sicily. It is to be hoped they will be flung back into the sea.

*July 14:* Not very encouraging news. Fighting in the Belgorod and Orel areas. Heavy bombing of the Rhine. Our beautiful country is being devastated. I cannot sleep for thinking of it. Can it be the beginning of the end? Can it be that all will be lost again in the fifth year of the war? In truth we are all happy idiots and dupes. But the number of those who realize the truth is growing. The mind constantly observes signs of doom, but the heart refuses to believe them. Germany cannot renounce her aims! We are fighting for our lebensraum and for our German manner of life.

*July 17:* Yesterday the Russians started a big offensive in a sector of our division. The main blow was directed against the southern flank, between Petrovskaya and Izyum. Everywhere the Russians managed to penetrate our positions. They surrounded several inhabited places. My 466th Regiment was at first in the rear, forming part of the army reserve. But by midday the situation became serious and we were sent into action. A terrible muddle reigned all day. Commands and counter-commands. We threw into action even company convalescents who arrived only yesterday from Germany. One rifle to three men!

*July 18:* The Russians are bombing our positions and our rear area. Air combats. During the day the Russians attacked with tanks, after which the Viking SS troops went into action. Local penetrations were stemmed, but the Russian attacks are gaining in intensity. They fight very stubbornly. Our division used up all its reserves.

*July 21:* Early this morning the Russians launched a big attack with tanks. The commanders of both divisions were absent. The Russians advanced from the east, south and west. I managed to calm down a handful of our infantrymen and compel several artillerymen to return to their guns.

*July 23:* Never have I seen such a hurricane of fire. Oh, if we only had our army of 1941!

*July 25:* In seven days we have lost 119 men out



of 246: 31 killed and 88 in the hospital, besides 36 slightly wounded.

*August 1:* In two terrible winters our army has melted away. How many senseless sacrifices! How happy they were to die in Poland and France. They believed in victory. The Italian tragedy is unfolding with unparalleled rapidity. Mussolini's fall is a heavy blow to us. The people are alarmed by such events. What is more, they are all tired of war and the aerial bombings are fraying their nerves. We are not very far from the verge.

*August 3:* We have every right to be proud of our defense. All the same, this is the first time the Russians have dared to attack in summer.

*August 4:* If the Russians succeed in ejecting us from their country, Russia will become stronger. Nobody will be able to cope with them then for many decades. Hamburg was heavily bombed again. Evidently 1943 intends to be the blackest year in all German history.

*August 5:* Gloomy news: we have surrendered Orel. Nearly two years ago I took part in the capture of that city. I then received the iron cross, second degree. Today I was presented with the iron cross, first degree. What irony!

*August 7:* This morning the Russians bombed our positions and the SS units passing through. A terrible sight: dead and wounded, shrieks, ruins. This was repeated every two or three hours. And on all the roads.

*August 14:* Hamburg is suffering most of all. Apparently a similar fate awaits Berlin.

*August 15:* It is absurd to say this war can last another four years. But what will be the end? What can it be? "No triumph, but death without honor." No, Germany must endure! Again I am seized with frantic rage; it is passing into hatred of the rulers. We have all forgotten how to laugh. But Germany will live, provided the born idiots do not ruin her utterly.

*August 23:* This morning the Russians were jubilating in their trenches. We decided they were about to attack. But it transpired that we have surrendered Kharkov. Another heavy blow. And the bombing of Germany continues.

*August 24:* The bombing of Berlin depressed us all. Elizabeth [the diarist's wife] and I may easily find ourselves beggars. And how attached we are to our things! There you have Germany after 10 years of the National Socialist regime and four years of war! We certainly expected something different. May fate be more merciful to us than we deserve.

*August 25:* Himmler is Home Minister. We continue to move along our predestined path. "In the end fate cannot be averted . . ." Even many intelligent people think that the least attempt at independent thought is dangerous—even high trea-

son. Yet something impels me to think it out to the end, to understand the cause. But my final conclusions I dare not confide even to my diary.

*September 1:* Four years ago this drama began. It is becoming a tragedy. Orel, Kharkov, and now Taganrog. Berlin again bombed. Here the retreat continues. Although the front still holds, there are all the signs of flight. The agricultural leaders have to give up their implements before the reaping and harvesting are completed. Germany will not, therefore, get much. How much power is given to one man. . . .

*September 5:* Plaintive and pitiful cries all over the village. Here, too, the population is being evacuated. What a pity ungarnered grass remains in the fields! Potatoes, maize, sunflowers, pumpkins . . . In Germany millions of homeless are tramping the roads.

*September 7:* We have surrendered Slavyansk. Evidently we are going to lose all the eastern Ukraine, together with the Donbas. The bridgehead in the Kuban will likewise be unable to hold out. What we are losing now, we will never recover. Can it really be that we will lose the whole of Russia? Continuous bombings of Germany. We are all hoping now for one thing—the long-promised blow at England. If that does not come off, it will mean the end.

*September 8:* The civilian inhabitants of this village were evacuated. There are enough sunflowers around here to keep a small town supplied with oil. The barns are crammed with oats, barley, rye and wheat. It is all threshed, but we will be unable to carry it away. It makes one's heart ache. Some of the inhabitants are hiding in the cornfields. They don't want to leave. One can hear women groaning and children crying. When the Germans hear these wails and lamentations, they think of Germany. What treasures have been destroyed there! My thoughts keep reverting with alarm to our home in Berlin. We had so many splendid things—pictures, furniture and books.

*September 9:* The Donets cannot hold out. Who would have thought that the Russian offensive would prove so successful? We have just received news of Italy's unconditional surrender. The sun shines, but I would prefer that the earth be wrapped in darkness. The last act of the tragedy has begun. The winter will be a very gloomy one for us. Now an over-hasty retreat will begin. What an end after such triumph! We should have driven out our incompetent politicians long ago. We are paying for their folly and conceit. We conquered all of Europe, but success turned the Germans' heads; they became vain and supercilious. And our rulers lost all sense of proportion. In my opinion Hitler is a big personality, but he lacks depth and penetration. He is a dilettante in

EXECUTION OF  
GUERRILLA  
ZOYA KOSMO-  
DEMYANSKAYA



THE MOTHER



practically every sphere. Evidently he is a poor judge of character. Goering is perhaps the most popular of all. He is not a dogmatist, but a man of common sense. But he, too, is striding over corpses. As for Himmler's convictions and aims, they may be judged by his exterior. Goebbels is cunning but shallow—a backstairs politician, a representative of the third estate, a proletarianized Talleyrand. Funk does not look quite Aryan. He is grotesque and ugly. His frivolity and easy optimism are one of the causes of our misfortunes. Ley in external appearance resembles Funk. Vain and egotistical. Apparently the same mold. Ribbentrop is a *gentilhomme comme il faut* from the Third Reich; unmistakably bad education and breeding—a parvenu. And in the military field, too, there is not a single big figure with the exception of Rommel. If we were only strong enough to hurl the Americans into the Mediterranean and start operations against England!

*September 10:* Burning villages everywhere. What a misfortune we were unable to hold this fertile region at least another month. Wild pictures of flight and disorder. Retreat always cost more blood and materiel than an offensive. But why this haste? At Lozovaya we saw the chief—von Mackensen. He, too, was not distinguished by calm and restraint. When the Russians tried to break through he lost his head.

*September 23:* Disastrous retreat here—and not a gleam of comfort in Italy. I feel like beating my head against a wall and howling with fury. It is the frivolity and mediocrity of the megalomaniac leaders that are to blame.

*September 27:* On the 24th I was in Dniepropetrovsk, which was in process of being evacuated. Many scenes of woe. Large-scale demolition operations. Sinister signs are multiplying. Supply columns and rear service troops are swelling inordinately. Yesterday I saw a regimental supply column which had no less than 950 men. The regimental commander deserves to be arrested. Why, there are not as many men in our whole regiment. And all were dragging their women and impedimenta with them. Unhappy Germany! In every way it is worse now than in 1914-1918. Our fighting strength is gone, while the Russians are growing stronger and stronger. Today alone the general committed nine men of our battalion to court-martial for running away from the Russians. What a pass we have reached in the fifth year of war. Yesterday the Russians established a bridgehead on our side of the Dnieper. For two days they have been beating off our powerful counter-attacks and inflicting heavy casualties on us.

*September 28:* The Russian artillery is very powerful and smashes everything. There is serious dissension between the colonel and the gen-

eral. Panzer attacks and dive bombers have been of little help. The infantry is seriously weakened by heavy casualties. There are more staff officers in the ranks than privates. A complete muddle . . . The Russians are firing like mad. Dead and wounded are mounting.

*September 29:* I took over the First Company—a mere handful of men. There are only 26 soldiers left of a whole battalion. Formidable Russian fire has been going on for hours. We were ordered to assemble the remnants. After midday there were terrific cries that the front had been pierced. All units began to retreat and in the end broke into wild flight. I was in a small village and tried in vain to stem the flight. A terrible picture of demoralization. I was compelled to kick one young officer in the backside, but to no avail. By means of threats I managed to collect no more than 10 men.

*October 3:* I am commanding the First, Second and Third Companies. Actually, all three companies together consist of a handful of not more than 30 men. In our company there were twins from Alsace, who deserted to the other side and now address us through loudspeakers. The way our wounded swear! I have never heard anything like it.

*October 4:* Inspected our new positions. Everything would be all right if we only had soldiers. No general offensive toward the Dnieper is being planned, as we have not enough forces. On the contrary, a further break-through by the Russians is expected.

*October 6:* Yesterday we received replenishments at last and I formed an entirely new company. Nearly all elderly men. Have been writing letters to relatives of the fallen. It is astonishing how quickly many console themselves. Three wives wrote asking to have the shaving sets of their dead husbands sent to them.

*October 10:* One officer had a Spanish newspaper with all sorts of interesting news. I also read some entirely new opinions of Hess (his mission from Hitler). That jibes well with our utterly stupid policy. A policy made by children and fools decked in the garb of Machiavelli. We were given a distorted view of the world and of things in general for so long that we began to take our own illusions for truth. Lively artillery activity today in the direction of Zaporozhye. They say we have already begun to blow up everything. Only not that! It will make our position here more critical than ever. After all, the receding tide must stop somewhere. And it must be here on the Dnieper.

*October 15:* Every action undertaken with our soldiers in the fifth year of war is risky. They fight badly. It is practically impossible to make

them go into action. Zaporozhye surrendered.

*October 22:* I am on the run from early dawn till late at night, whipping up and encouraging the men. We must hold on, and will hold on. Toward the end of the day the Russians pierced our right flank along a wide front. Furthermore, about a hundred Russians took up positions in our rear. On the east and south we are hemmed in by the Dnieper, and the road to the west is cut. There is no hope for a big counter-attack—we haven't the reserves. We have just received orders

to discard everything we cannot carry with us. That means we are to retreat again. This is too much! It is almost impossible to bear. There is a limit to everything. Oh, those idiotic politicians who in the fifth year of war are causing our people so much suffering. Unhappy Germany!

On these words—"unhappy Germany!"—the diary breaks off. For my part, I can only say that Germany is indeed unhappy if even her best officers cannot rise above the blindness and selfish stupidity of fascism.

*January, 1944*

## The Scales of History

WHEN one examines a large canvas, one steps back a few paces. The significance of historical events can only be understood from the distance of time. Only one year has elapsed since the epilogue of the Battle of Stalingrad. We cannot yet look upon it with the eyes of posterity, but we can already distinguish the grandeur of this unprecedented battle.

In every war there have been battles which overshadowed all others and focused the attention of succeeding generations; while sometimes not in themselves decisive, they nevertheless predetermined the issue of the campaign. Such was Borodino and such was Verdun. The significance of Stalingrad is even deeper: it was a dramatic duel between two mutually incompatible worlds. A certain old German recently wrote to his son: "When all the sufferings of these years are forgotten—the bombings, the loss of near ones, failure, hope and disillusionments—your children will still be repeating one name: Stalingrad."

Germany has long dreamed of world dominion. She tried on the imperial mantle for the first time in 1871, when the grandfathers of the present-day Fritzes popped champagne corks at the stuccoed ceilings of Versailles. Reverses did not disconcert the Germans, and they classed 1918 as a blunder of history. The conquest of Europe was entrusted to the next generation. Then the world saw what it had never seen before: Germans climbing the highest mountains, sailing across the seas, and stuffing their pockets with states as with apples.

In Compiègne an ignorant individual, a spiritual nonentity, an ersatz ancient barbarian with a moustache—a shopwalker, public house philosopher and dilettante embittered by failure—could not conceal his elation: for he knew only one way of elevating himself and that was by humiliating

others. The shadow of the swastika loomed over London. The Germans set foot in Africa. They hurled themselves upon Russia. The defeat at Moscow annoyed but did not discourage them; instead of blaming the Fuehrer they blamed the climate. They exclaimed: "What would you have! Thirty-five degrees below zero! But wait till summer—we'll show them!"

In summer they did in fact advance rapidly to the east. That was a campaign of which neither Xerxes nor Alexander the Great nor the Emperors of Rome nor Napoleon dared dream. In their ranks marched veterans of 1914 and conceited youth, generals with dozens of crosses, commandants for Astrakhan, vice-regents for Iraq, governors-general for India and Kirghizia, lovers of caviar, oil and glory, SS men and Gestapo men, "murder van" experts and colonizers.

And with them marched the mercenaries—the Rumanians, Hungarians, Italians and Slovaks. Across the steppe rolled the heavy panzers, the six-barreled mortars, tribute of Krupp, Skoda and Creusot, trucks loaded with French wines, Dutch cheeses, portraits of the Fuehrer, maps of Kazakhstan and Mesopotamia. They moved by day and by night. They reached Stalingrad.

And at Stalingrad they lost everything.

It has been said that the Compiègne railway car in which Hitler tasted all the sweets of triumph was burned in Berlin during an air raid. No—it was burned much earlier, in Stalingrad, and with it burned Narvik, Thermopylae and Crete, and all the ephemeral victories of Germany.

Ever so far from Berlin and Frankfurt, in the steppe where once galloped the free Cossacks, where the German burgher saw—instead of geraniums, bowling alleys and dachshunds—worm-

wood, blizzards and camels; where as in a fairy-tale a new city had sprung up, endlessly long and, as it were, still unaware of itself, on the bank of the most Russian of Russian rivers . . . a gigantic battle was fought.

Here the idea of race mastery encountered a living wall; here the savage myth extolled by Rosenberg collided with reason; here was decided the fate not only of Russia but of all civilization, from Prometheus and Aphrodite to Russian music and French painting.

They came to this steppe: students from Heidelberg with faces scarred by duels; frequenters of beer halls who boasted they could swallow 30 tankards and 30 cities; cattle drovers from Pomerania with purple necks who knew the pedigree of every ox in the Reich and who equally revered their Aryan great-great grandmothers and Hertfordshire bulls; strategists from Mecklenburg-Schwerin, convinced that humanity was a rotten tooth and that they had in their pockets, in the shape of the celebrated "pincers," the forceps to pull it out; generals with oak leaves and quotations from von Schlieffen, ready to command "Back!" to the Volga, and "Halt!" to the wind; young louts and Hitler Jugend who while still in their cradles raised their hands and frightened their mamas by crying "Sieg Heil!"; corporals still insatiable for human blood and blood sausage; hauptsturmfuehrers, sturmbannfuehrers and unterscharfuehrers.

They reached the Volga. They were already writing postcards with "Greetings from Stalingrad." They were already jubilating.

Where are they now? Under the ground.

One might of course speak of the blunders of the German command, of the self-confidence of the Fuehrer and of the stupidity of his generals, for whom human life was nothing but a letter in the army regulations.

But I want to speak just now of something else: of the unparalleled moral strength of our men. Stalingrad was not only a fatal defeat for Germany—it was a supreme triumph for Russia.

We can now see that the autumn of 1942 was the culminating point of the German invasion. Germany had suffered a defeat at Moscow. The German generals took note of the strength of the Red Army and the peculiarities of territory and climate. In July, 1942, Hitler began his second offensive. For 100 days the Germans pushed forward. And these were not third-rate Fritzes; they were conquerors accustomed to fight and win.

In Stalingrad they encountered a resistance which astounded them. German newspapers of that time talked of the "mad Russians," who laid down their lives but would not retreat.

There is wood that catches fire easily and burns rapidly. But our people are not like that. The enemy had penetrated deep into our territory. Why was it that people who had surrendered hundreds of miles to the enemy suddenly grew stubborn and would not retreat a hundred paces? They were peaceful people who in the recent past had been tillers of the soil, carpenters, schoolteachers, students, mechanics, agronomists, trappers, builders—people from Siberia, from the Urals, from the Eastern Republics, Muscovites, Northerners, Ukrainians—all dissimilar, with different lives and different passions. But they all realized that the enemy must be stopped. Stalingrad for them merged with the idea of country. Russia must not be surrendered, and so they refused to surrender Stalingrad.

Before me lies a letter from one of Stalingrad's defenders. It is dated September 16, 1942. Here are a few lines from it: "I think we are going to die here. I am speaking of myself and my friends. But never before have I felt so keenly that all this is unimportant—even one's own fate and death. Yesterday reinforcements arrived—Siberians. What a people! Evidently the Germans are determined to pass at all costs; I've never heard such music before. But they will not pass; we're all certain of that. And the one thing now is to hold on to this patch of land—for if we hold on, it's all up with the Germans . . ."

This letter was written by a 19-year-old youth. He died a hero four days later. But that which he dreamed of in his last moments, that for which he shed his blood, came to pass: the defenders of Stalingrad saved their country.

The spiritual qualities of people are tested in the hour of trial. Prior to Stalingrad very few people abroad understood Soviet Russia. Foreigners spoke of our country as a geographical concept, as a sort of mysterious laboratory where cranks were performing dubious experiments . . . as the end of the earth. Today many of these purblind folk have had their eyes opened and are watching the advance of the Red Army with hope and trust.

Who will dare to confine this recognition to physical strength alone, by talking of inexhaustible resources, of the triumph of space? In Stalingrad it was not the blast furnaces of the Urals which overpowered the blast furnaces of the Ruhr, nor the territory from Vladivostok to the Volga which excelled the territory from the Volga to the Atlantic.

No! It was the Soviet citizen who vanquished the fascist robot. In Stalingrad one period of history ended and another began. Everything that followed was made possible by Stalingrad—Ponyri, Prokhorovka, the Dnieper and the Len-

ingrad offensive. Stalingrad showed Italy her place; it gave our Allies a year in which to prepare for military operations. Stalingrad sounded as a funeral bell tolling for Germany . . . and Stalingrad opened the eyes of the world to the greatness of Soviet Russia.

How fine and how just that the city which henceforth will be sacred to Russia is named for the man who helped our people to perform their

historic mission!

We know that hard and trying times still lie before us. Germany will not easily be made to discard the imperial ermine for a patched coat. The last "quarter hour" is always hardest for the heart, if not for the force of arms. But after Stalingrad nothing can stop the Red Army. A year ago the scales of history swung in the balance—and one side outweighed the other.

February, 1944

## The Great Judge

**T**WENTY-SIX years ago our people created the Red Army—created it to defend their country and freedom. Twenty-six years ago the first Red Army men defeated the German invaders at Pskov. At that time the Soviet Union's defenders had no arms, no experience, no boots, no bread. They had only one thing: courage. And they checked the German hordes.

We are now beating the same enemy on the same Pskov soil. But the Red Army has powerful war materiel, the best tanks the world knows, artillery which the Germans speak of in whispers. It has trench mortars, machine guns, tommy guns, splendid attack planes, experienced commanders, seasoned soldiers. The Red Army is beating the Germans and will beat them to the finish.

In wartime, armaments are important, engines are important, strategy is important. But war's outcome is decided by people. The Germans prepared a long time for their campaigns. They seized Europe's raw materials. They forced the subjugated peoples to work for them. They have Krupp, Creusot and Skoda. They have their Tigers and their Panthers. They have their hundreds of generals who studied military science from their infancy. They have millions of trained soldiers.

Why, then, did they flee from Orel, Kharkov, Smolensk and Kiev? Why didn't their pillboxes around Leningrad save them? Why didn't the broad Dnieper save them? Why is it that, having invented pincers, they themselves are caught in the pincers' grip? And why, when they dreamed of encircling everything, do they find themselves encircled? Why is it that Germany already sees before her the red dawn of retribution?

The British paper *The Evening Standard* writes of the Red Army's victories: "People have overcome machines." It was the Soviet citizen who prevailed over the robot. It was conscience roused

to indignation, it was pride and a sense of rightness that won. The Urals foundrymen won. The Siberian plowmen won. The Moscow workers won. The Soviet country won. Our men, with their quick wit and valor, won; our scouts, who can take any German alive; our infantrymen, who are undaunted by enemy fire; our artillerymen, tankmen and pilots; our camouflage experts, fearless sappers and signalmen—these won. Our commanders, with their cool heads and warm hearts, won; our generals, who displayed their skill at Stalingrad, Kastornaya, Taganrog and Zvenigorodka, won.

Our great captain won. He can build and he can fight. He held Moscow. He saved Leningrad. He will bring the Red Army to Berlin.

Nations think that land exists for the ripening of grain, for labor, for love. Germans think that land exists for pillage. Germans think that grainfields are for soldiers' boots. Germans think that children are for death vans. People want to live; Germans want to fight. People want to work; Germans want to rob. Every quarter of a century they set out on a march after other people's goods. An end must be put to this. We didn't go to Germany for sausage. The blackguardly sausage-makers came to us, trampled our fields, burned our villages, disfigured our cities, put to death millions of guiltless people. They must be broken of the habit of making these "excursions."

Now we are going to them. We are on our way, and we shall arrive. We are not going after sausage, but after justice. Who will punish the child murderers? The Red Army.

In Babi Yar, in Kiev, the Germans slaughtered old people, women and children—slaughtered them for three days running. To save cartridges they flung children alive into their graves. One little girl cried out, "Why are you throwing sand in my eyes?" The child did not understand that she

was being buried alive. She did not understand that the hangmen were only amusing themselves.

We hear that cry. We know that the earth of Poltava, Novgorod, Kharkov and Gomel have heard it. Are these child-murderers then to escape punishment? Are the punitive detachments and incendiarys to get clear away? Are the Germans who drove girls into slavery going to live out their days peacefully in Dresden or Karlsruhe? Are the Germans who flung infants down wells going to return home to play games? Are Germans who tied old women to horses' tails going home to sniff flowers and turn on the phonograph?

They will change their guise, turn their coats if need be. They have plenty of loopholes, plenty of impudence. They'll weep and pray and bleat. They'll try to prove they had nothing to do with this. They'll find witnesses and advocates for their defense.

But they will not get away: they will be overtaken by the Red Army. The Red Army is the great judge: it is our angered conscience. It is in the Red Army that the Czechs and Serbs, the French and Norwegians, place their hopes. The Red Army will not stop halfway. When it has to

make an end of something, it makes an end of it.

And this must be an end that will not permit the Germans to start all over again after another quarter of a century. They must be broken of the habit of fighting. Their claws must be clipped, their fangs drawn. Peace must be restored to the world. Our children must never know what we have known. We have all known grief. The life of each has been cleft in twain. We shall never forget this. The Red Army is fighting for Russia, for our children, for peace and happiness.

Moscow was the front during the threatening days of 1941. Moscow stood fast. Moscow proved that it was indeed the Capital of a great power. Now Moscow will go to Berlin. Moscow will go there to win peace for itself and its country.

We are not celebrating victory: the enemy is not yet utterly beaten. He is a terrible enemy, dangerous when wounded. He must be beaten for good. We will clench our teeth and we will not ask "When?"—for when depends upon us. The more desperately we work, the sooner we shall have the Germans utterly beaten. It is time to finish with them. There will be neither breathing space nor rest nor respite: the war goes on. A little while yet and we shall win happiness.

*February, 1944*

## 1943-1944

**E**UROPE rose from her deathbed in 1943. Europe rose for battle. Why did Europe find herself? Why, in the very depths of the multitude of the people, did there flash a dawn as yet unseen but nevertheless inevitable? What are the cocks crowing about? Of what do the poets write? Who inspires the guerrillas? Without pride or conceit we can answer—Russia, her sacrifices, her blood and her victories.

Nineteen forty-three started at Stalingrad and ended with the offensive on Vitebsk and Berdichev. Let military observers measure the road from Vladikavkaz to Kherson and from Voronezh to Korosten. I want to speak of something else.

There are hundreds of miles—and there is a single step that divides glory from catastrophe, and catastrophe from glory. Russia took that step in 1943. She predetermined the result of the war. We know that much heavy fighting lies ahead of us, but the most difficult period is over. That one step, Stalingrad, was the beginning of the downfall of Germany. Inspired by the example of Russia in 1943, Europe rose from the dead.

The Germans, who have called 1943 the gloomiest year in their history, are right. The present-

ment of catastrophe is the most terrible thing of all. The past year has predetermined everything. It took us from the Caucasus to the Dnieper and from Egypt to Italy; from the victory bonfires on the hills of Germany to the fires of Berlin, Hamburg and Bremen. Hitler's U-boats cannot rise again from the bottom of the sea, and the dead divisions of Brandenburg, Pomerania and Holstein will not rise from their graves. There is now nothing that can stop the Allies from striking a shattering blow. The only hope of the criminals of Hitler Germany is to postpone their execution. They are ready to pour out rivers of blood if only to win a year, six months, even less.

There is a Russian proverb: "If you could not hold the mane you will not hold the tail." This applies to the desperate counter-attacks of the German army. They did not hold on the Volga and they will not hold on the Dvina.

**1944**—the figures still have an unaccustomed look. But I can see them inscribed in marble as the year of victory. That is our oath, and the oath of all mankind. The earth craves to bear crops again, and the heart to feel happiness.

*February, 1944*

# The Breath of a Child

A CERTAIN writer recently asked me, "How can you go on for three years writing about one and the same thing?"

Yes, it is difficult. But it is more difficult to go on fighting for three years. History has not been gracious to us. But let me say frankly that I cannot understand how a man can now think about anything else. The Germans, after all, are still in our land. The Germans are still torturing our dear ones. The German is not a literary theme—he is a calamity. He is iron in the heart of every one of us.

For nearly three years now our men, far from their homes and their dear ones, have been absorbed in one thing only: fighting. They have known the icy winds of the Kalmyk steppes, the marshes of the Volkhov, the forests of Smolensk, the crags of Karelia, the acrid dust of the Ukrainian roads. They have known the howling of dive-bombers, six-barreled mortars and Tigers. It will soon be three years that they have been eating with death, sleeping with death and arguing with death.

I shall bless the day when we forget about the Germans. That will indeed be a wonderful day. I should like to be thinking about other things and writing about other things—about love and labor, about that which is thrice precious to me, art; about the woods outside Moscow, and about gray Paris.

But I see a ditch filled with children's corpses. I see ashes. I see the faces of mothers twisted with anguish . . . and all the woe of our land. And my thoughts always turn to that ruffian, tall or squat, pop-eyed, stupid and soulless, who marched hundreds of miles only to trample the life out of an infant in some out of the way Russian village.

If I had not enough hatred in my soul I should despise myself. But I have enough in me to last their lives and mine.

The human heart is a dark forest in which it is easy to get lost. Suddenly something flares up, or unexpectedly dies down. It happens that a man will cease to love a woman with whom he has lived half his life, or turn cold toward a bosom friend. But the dead must not be betrayed. They hover around you at night. And every dead man has his rights. They are all about us, tortured, mangled, strangled, near ones and distant ones, kinsmen and strangers, children, girls and old men.

They whisper, "We grew up. We laughed happily. We ate bread and gazed at the stars. We

wanted to live. But we are no more. The Germans stuffed our mouths with frozen earth. The Germans slaughtered us. Tall or short, cruel, pale-eyed, empty-hearted—these Germans are now in Vitebsk and Nikolayev and Pskov. Do you see them?"

Yes, we see them. And we live for one thing only: to kill those Germans.

Near Tripolye, on the road to Obukhov, there is a ravine. Snow clings to a signboard on which is written: "Here, July 1, 1943, German butchers tortured to death and shot 700 persons—old men, women, mothers and children. Among them was Maria Bilykh with her five children and 65-year-old mother, and Dunya Gorbakha with her two sons." Dunya Gorbakha was carried away the night before. She begged to be allowed to say farewell to her children. The Germans laughed in reply. Then they brought her two sons to her. Volodya was seven, Kolya two. The Germans shot the children. Dunya Gorbakha did not utter a cry. She strode firmly to her death.

I did not know her . . . but I can see her, loving and gentle with a proud heart.

Maria Bilykh's husband was far from Tripolye—in the Army. Maria was arrested in the daytime. That night there was a knocking at the cottage door. It was opened by Fedora, Maria's older sister. "Dress the children," she was told. "But you see they are asleep," Fedora objected. "Where are you going to take them?" "To their mother," she was told. Fedora brought out little blouses of the finest linen and dressed the drowsy children. Volodya, who was eleven, carried little two-year-old Fedya in his arms. They were followed by Tanyusha and Ganulya. Mikolka was stubborn. "I don't want to go. I want to sleep," he cried. He was dragged along by the belt.

Fedya asked Volodya, "Where are we going?" "To Mama." "And where's Mama?" Volodya said nothing. They were brought to a bluff overlooking the Dnieper. There they were cast alive into a ravine. And now, when the grave was opened, Volodya was found clasping little Fedya in his arms.

A letter arrived from Anton Bilykh. "Greetings to you, my dear fellow-villagers. Write and tell me how my wife, Maria, and the children are."

Who can forget those children in their little white blouses up there on the bluff? Who can forget the tragedy of Tripolye and the grief of our friend Anton Bilykh? Seven hundred persons



slaughtered! But can figures tell of suffering? Why, each one of them had his life, his love, his home.

What are we to think about, if not about the Germans. Kill Germans! If not for the sake of my grief, then for the sake of little Mikolka, who wanted to sleep, and for the sake of everything Volodya suffered when he replied to his little brother, "We are going to Mama."

The word "ravine" was a good word—it spoke of grass, rivulet, sand and the big-eyed daisies which children used to pull apart murmuring, "He loves me, he loves me not." But the word "ravine" has become a terrible word. One feels that at any moment the dead will come stalking out of a ravine. And not only out of the ravine in Tripolye—for there is a ravine in Kiev, too . . . we shall not forget it till our death. Every Ukrainian town has its ravine. And everywhere it is the same story: patches of under-linen, rigid corpses, children's toys sprinkled with blood.

No . . . he who can forget this is not human.

At the other end of our country, near the city of Novgorod, there was a village called Zamoshye. On January 14, 1944 the Germans in their retreat burned it down. They set fire to cottages with the people still in them. One hundred and seven persons were burned to death.

First the Germans herded the women and children into the cottage of Pavel Gadulin. They counted them—40 in all—and the German said, "*Vierzig. Gut!*" Then they drenched the house with petrol. Valeria Nikulina, insane with terror, jumped out of the window. The German shot her. Her two children, eight-year-old Vanyusha and six-year-old Tanya, jumped out after her. They clung to their mother's dead body. The German shot the children.

Then the Germans began setting fire to other cottages. The Zolotarev family were burned alive; they were all at home, from the old folk down to two-year-old Zhenya. In the neighboring cottage were two old women, Pimenova and Mitrofanova. They clasped their grandchildren to their breasts—seven-year-old Genya, four-year-old Volodya and two-year-old Alyosha. "What are you doing?" cried Anastasia Pimenova, trying to protect little Alyosha. The German grinned and said, "*Russ. Gut!*" then shot them all with his Tommy gun. Alyosha lived, but a bullet shattered his hand and it had to be amputated. He is two years old, but he has known a world of anguish.

In the town of Krasny, in the Smolensk Region, as in other towns, the Germans killed all the Jews. Let me tell you the fate of the Glushkin family. On August 8, 1941 the Germans arrested Boris Glushkin. They stripped him and tied him to a horse's tail. They tortured him a long time and

then they killed him. That night they came for his wife, Eugenia. She clasped her children in her arms. The Germans led her out of the house and raped her.

On April 8, 1942 the Germans herded all the Jews in the town into the square, ordered them to strip off their clothing and then began slaughtering them. Boris Glushkin's father, a man of 74, was the first. He carried his two-year-old grandson in his arms. Eugenia Glushkina had taken two of her children with her. The third, a year-old infant, she left in its cradle. She thought that fate might spare the child. When the massacre was ended, the Germans made a tour of the houses. They found tiny Alex in his cradle. The Germans dragged the infant into the street and dashed its head against the ice on the pavement. The commander of the squad ordered the body to be cut up and thrown to the dogs.

I can see that woman. She had nothing to live for. Her husband had been tortured to death, she had been raped, then she and her children were led to the slaughter. Her one thought was to save her infant: perhaps the Germans would overlook it.

As long as I live I will not forget the torments of Eugenia Glushkina and the infant in the cradle. He was not my child nor my grandchild. But I will not forget him. I will not forget the children of Tripolye and Zamoshye, nor the children of Krasny. Why, they were *our* children, our hope . . . for which we lived our lives. They were killed. Germans killed them.

Perhaps one ought not to write about this for three years running. But a lifetime is not enough to outlive this hatred.

Here is what Sergeant Zarechensky writes me: "On September 8, 1941, I was wounded in Leningrad. I returned to my regiment. That was when the first snipers appeared among us. After my wound I partly lost the use of my right hand. I learned to shoot with the left and became a sniper. Then the right hand healed up. But on September 9, 1942, I was wounded again.

"When on January 22, 1944 the decision of the Medical Commission was read to me: 'Unfit for military service,' it sounded like a death warrant. They gave me a disability certificate, classifying me in the third group. But I firmly determined to return to the regiment. I realized that it would be hard without my left hand, but I could replace a healthy man in a pinch. What's more, I didn't lose hope of increasing my score of Germans killed. It was true that I could scarcely see out of my left eye, but the right eye is enough for a sniper.

"One thought tormented me while I was in the hospital: would the commander accept an invalid?

I'm not a writer and I cannot describe my agitation when I went to see Lieutenant Colonel Apashkin. He examined my documents and inquired, 'Where do you intend to go?' Plucking up my courage I replied, 'I'm thinking of staying in the regiment.' He understood and approved.

"What induced me to return to the regiment? A terrible hatred for the Germans—that and only that. I come from the Donbas, so you will understand me."

And who does not understand Zarechensky? He is not a professional soldier. Before the war he had his peaceful job, his family, his dreams, his books. Now he is possessed by one overmastering passion—to exterminate Germans. When his right hand would not flex, he learned to shoot with the left. Then he lost his left hand and his left eye. But there was only one thing he begged for—to be allowed to remain in the ranks. He comes from the Donbas. Others come from the Ukraine and Byelorussia. But they will all understand Zarechensky—Leningraders, Muscovites, Siberians, Armenians and Uzbeks.

Who, when looking at the corpses of children, thinks of countries? Was this one Russian, this Ukrainian, this Jew? They were all children of our country and they were all our children. They were all killed by that malignant and sinister ruffian with iron crosses and an iron heart.

There have been blood-drenched periods in history before. There were the fires of the Inquisition. St. Bartholomew's Night has become a legend. The Old Believers were burned in their houses. But awful and repulsive as these crimes were, even they were illumined by a certain faith, by a furious fanaticism.

But for the sake of what did Hitler's soldiers slaughter millions of innocents? For the sake of what did they torture the children of Maria Bilykh, Anastasia Pimenova, Eugenia Glushkina and others, in Minsk, Essentuki, Novgorod and Odessa?

If you ask a German this he will grin, or cry like a coward. He has nothing to say. He has neither ideas nor faith. He slew because he was told that Russia was legitimate prey. He slew because that was his mission, his justification, his whole life.

That is the most terrible thing about the atrocities of the Germans: they slaughter millions of fine people for nothing at all—simply out of greed, stupidity, inborn ferocity. They were told, "When you cross the frontiers of the Reich, everything is permitted. There you'll find only subhumans and you are a superman." And the wretched idiot, ignoramus and nincompoop began methodically to hang, strangle, bury alive and burn. He is a "superman" all over.

And among the millions of Germans there was not to be found a handful of men of conscience to cry "Halt!" Among these "supermen" there was not a single man. And only the wailing of infants and groans of the dying mingled with the crackling of tommy guns.

Anger may cloud a man's reason and in a fit of uncontrollable passion he may commit a crime. But the Germans have not even this justification: they murder coolly and calmly, as if they were playing a game or cracking nuts. They perpetrate atrocities with true German pedantry. They have perfected the art of murder, invented the "murder van," built barracks for asphyxiation with gases, manufactured poisonous liquids with which they anoint the lips of infants. They crowd around gallows clicking cameras, and jot down in notebooks the number of children killed and where.

What people of all the ages have deemed a terrible sin they have converted into an immense industry. They do not spin nor sow nor reap. They strangle, hang and poison. They do it without shame or a twinge of conscience.

A certain German Captain Saur wrote in a memorandum, "It is necessary to probe all around in houses with some firm instrument, as countless numbers of persons hide in well-concealed pits. It is recommended to enlist minors to point out these hiding-places on promise that their lives will be spared." The captain recommends utilizing young children to help in finding their mothers, and then to kill them all. He puts it tersely and in a businesslike tone, as if it were a question of looking for concealed potatoes.

But it is a question of murdering our wives and children.

Do you expect me to think of other things, to write of happiness, when this Captain Saur is still alive—when he is perhaps even now frightening a little girl and saying to her, "Show me where your mother is or I'll kill you."

How can we exact vengeance from the Germans? Our soldiers will never kill children. We cannot pay beasts back in kind. We are human beings. Not all their blood can outweigh the blood of a single child, of Fedya or Alyosha or Alex. But we will annihilate the miscreants. If they live, we cannot live—conscience would torment us.

There are many languages and many faiths on earth. The life of a Norwegian fisherman is different from the life of a Paris worker. The Englishman loves on Sundays to sit at home, whereas the Frenchman makes a point of going to the park or cinema with his entire brood and laughing loudly and heartily. There is a place for everybody under the sun. Perhaps the most splendid thing about life is its variety.

But there is no place on earth for fascists. If

they survive after all this, then say goodbye to hope. Do not think of justice and do not fondle your child, for he is doomed.

The Germans will come forward with studied speeches in their own defense and with sham tears; they have loopholes all ready when the fatal hour comes for them; they will betray their Fuehrer and a hundred others most prominent, while they retire into the background and dig themselves in; they will try to fool the world with penitential speeches, anathemas and greetings. No, it is impossible to think of this calmly! Sergeant Zarechensky is right; there is only one vent for our feelings, and that is to kill the miscreants.

Man was made for happiness, not to be slaughtered. How long is man given to live even in peacetime? Fifty years perhaps, or 60, and if he lives to 70 we say he has reached a ripe old age. Even a minute is precious, for it is given to us to re-

joice in, to plant a tree, gaze at the pale blue sky, talk to a friend, embrace one's sweetheart. Flowers fade quickly and that is perhaps why they appeal to us more than anything in nature. But these have become terrible years. The flowers are being trampled underfoot and the children slain.

Life must be restored to the living. The dead must not be betrayed. We shall return to the flowers. And we shall talk of different things in all the fullness of human life. But this is not the time for it. Hate seethes in our hearts. And who dares cast a slur on this sentiment? It is a great flame fanned by love, fanned by the breath of that warm, sleepy child who did not realize he was being led to slaughter.

Let us cherish this flame to the end. Let us be firm. The tall, pale-eyed conscienceless ruffian must not live. We swear it!

March, 1944

## Fritz from the West

**H**ITLER is doing his best to justify himself in the eyes of Germans. He swears he hasn't transferred a single new Fritz to the Eastern front. He vows that it is the events in Italy which prevent him from stopping the Russians at the Prut. The *National Zeitung* writes: "The Russians thought in vain to alarm us by their offensive. We have not removed a single soldier from Italy or France. . . ."

In other words, in order to retain the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey at Monte Cassino, Hitler has relinquished the whole of the Ukraine with its wheat, iron and manganese. That will no doubt make even the stupidest Fritz smile.

Before me lies a pile of unmailed letters which the German field postal service discarded in Ulanov, in the Vinnitsa Region. I shall be immodest enough to supplement Hitler's statements by a few quotations from these German letters.

Unteroffizier Karl Kreidel writes Fraulein Michalke in Gleiwitz: "This is the second month I am in Russia. From France I was sent to Italy, then to the Balkans. And now I am here—on the move. . . ." Oberfeldwebel Bruer writes to his fiancée's parents in Larback, Harz: "I have been in France and Italy. Besides two iron crosses I now have a Croatian decoration. I don't know what awaits me in Russia. . . ." The first letter was dated March 3, the other March 7, of this year.

Apparently when Hitler spoke of Monte Cassino he meant Vinnitsa. He sent his Fritzes to the East, and it was by no wish of the Fuehrer that

the Fritzes beat a hasty retreat to the west, discarding their epistolary lucubrations. The state of mind of these nomadic Fritzes may be judged by the following admissions:

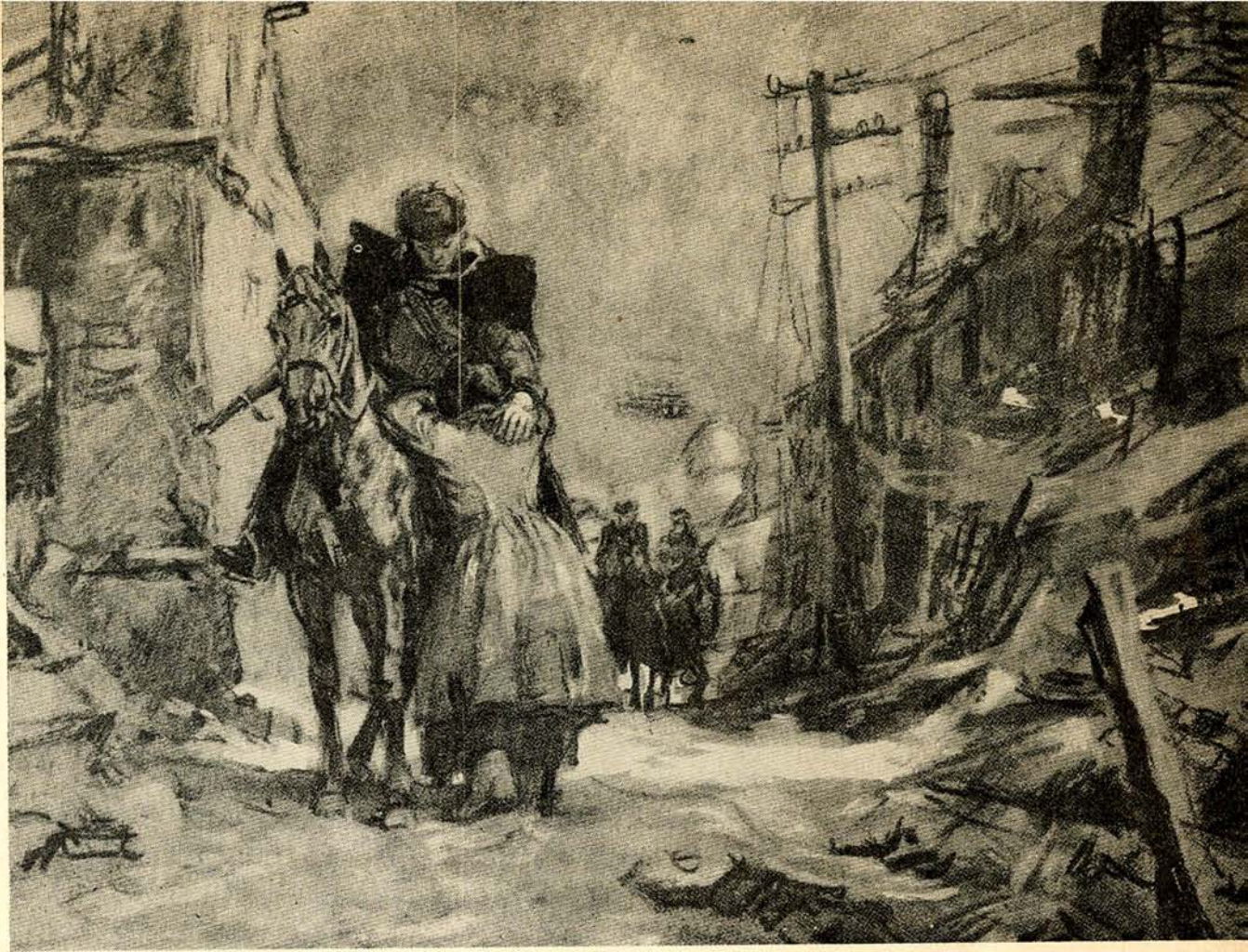
Corporal Knol writes to his aunt in Cologne: "This war must be ended soon, as none of us can stand it any longer. I can't, at any rate. Otherwise we will all perish. Everything is already kaput. What is going to happen next?" When Fritzes who are taken prisoner declare that everything is kaput, we don't believe them. But when a Fritz writes to his aunt that it's all kaput, that is more interesting. It means that soon it will be really kaput for them.

Oberfeldwebel Bruer was a novice in Russia. He hadn't yet had time to look around him. He hadn't yet sobered up after the Italian and Dalmatian wines. He could still wonder what awaited him in the Ukraine. But Corporal Warwing knows. He wrote his parents in Frankfurt on March 8: "Any day we expect the blow to be struck, as the Russians have broken through on a neighboring sector. It will go hard with us then. I have only one hope—to get out of this hell."

Corporal Warwing very likely dreamed of making the same journey as Oberfeldwebel Bruer and Unteroffizier Kreidel, only in the opposite direction, and to find himself in Trouville or Nice, or at worst in Monte Cassino. But the Red Army has its funny little ways: Germans who come to our country cease to migrate and settle down forever—in the grave.

April, 1944

MEETING



RETURN



# Our Humanism

ONE'S heart freezes when one travels through a liberated region and sees what the Germans have done to our cities, our people and even our trees.

For years Hitler dreamed of such an apotheosis. I don't want to exaggerate the role of that ambition-crazed spiritual nonentity. I say "Hitler" as I might say "Mueller" or "Becker."

Where did he come from, this pygmy whose name is indissolubly associated with the woes of our age? Out of a crack in the ground . . . from the underworld. It was there in the darkness and dampness of a semi-decayed society that the grub of fascism appeared; in the world of failures, outcasts, superstitious and ignorant maniacs, adventurers, pimps, swindlers and cretins. Like shades from the darkness they were summoned to life by the purblind and covetous money magnates who wanted to halt the march of time. The fascists were to block the path of history with millions of corpses, to drown our age in blood, to eclipse the earth, to destroy not only the dreams of a better future but also the memory of the past.

When Hitler had himself photographed in front of the ruins of Amiens or Smolensk, people wondered where this graveyard beetle came from. Out of the rot and mold—that's where he came from. He lived for destruction. Two years before the outbreak of war the all-powerful ruler of Germany, seeing at a Munich exhibit some pictures that were not to his taste, pulled out a pocket-knife and slashed the canvases. One of Hitler's intimates relates that in his youth the future Fuehrer dreamed of "clearing Europe." The people of France were to him like trees which had to be cut down.

The Fuehrer's friend, Mussolini, in his adolescence wondered whether science would ever reach such heights that by applying enough dynamite the whole terrestrial globe could be blown to pieces. Germany's scientists strove to approach this ideal when they pondered over the first designs for the murder van. A "desert zone"—such was the name they gave to their achievements.

As we gaze at the ruins of Novgorod and Chernigov, we may say that not only our people but all mankind has grown poorer with the loss of these monuments. A nation grows and changes, but there is something which knits together its long and winding path. There was a time when our people embodied their conception of truth, justice and beauty in cathedrals. Of course, the man of our age looks differently upon these monuments, but he senses in them the glow of our history. There is something in the heart which transcends the boundaries of time. Does not the cupola of St. Sophia or the colors of Andrei Rublev move to admiration even the man to whom all religion is foreign?

In Philadelphia and in Poitiers there were men who dedicated long years of their lives to the study of the Cathedral of Our Savior in Nereditsa. The Germans blew it up. Maybe there were even archeologists among those torchbearers. But what is a profession compared with a man's nature? And the nature of fascism is destruction. The Germans wanted to ravage not only our cornbins, but our minds and hearts as well. When I saw fruit trees which had been cut down by the Germans I understood what the puny Fuehrer howled about at night: he was conjuring up death.

The circles around the heart of a tree are comprehensible to man; they, as it were, mark the bond between the life of a tree and the life of a girl. I've often seen old men planting tiny trees. They knew they would die before they saw the fruits. The fruits would go to their children. Therein lies the inner truth of life.

There were trees which witnessed the glory of our ancestors, trees under which young Pushkin dreamed, trees which brooded over great tombs. To raise a tree is a long and difficult job. Rains are needed, and sunshine and human sweat. The Germans cut down the trees of Tsarskoye Selo and of Pushkin's home in Mikhailovskoye. They cut down apple trees on which the apples were trembling, all pink or gold or lemon-colored, the sap and fragrance of the earth.

Women know what it is to bear children. It is a compound of suffering and pride. Then begins the true torment of the mother: to prevent the child from catching cold, to protect it from diseases innumerable, to tend it and rear it. When the child begins to talk, when it totters stumbling from father to mother, it seems a miracle to the parents.

And indeed, is not man a miracle? How simple are even the most complex machines compared with the men who have invented them! The hour comes . . . and a Pushkin is born, or a Tolstoy or Mechnikov. Who knows what this child, now playing with a empty tin can, will grow up to be?

The magic of human life is not revealed in geniuses alone. "He's just an ordinary man," I have often heard said. That's like saying he is an "ordinary miracle." For the life of every man is splendid, complex and extraordinary. He lays roads across the ocean, he turns deserts into orchards, he builds wonderful cities. What can be higher than man?

Then along comes a persistent, systematic, pedantic fascist—and his one passion is to destroy human life. We all know how many splendid people died at the hands of the Germans. Many of them perished almost at the dawn of life, when their talents and spiritual qualities were known only to their relatives and friends. I don't know what Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya or Oleg Koshevoy would have become if the Germans hadn't killed them. When you read Zoya's diaries or hear stories about Koshevoy, it is clear to you that theirs were highly-gifted natures. They would have distinguished themselves in other spheres if it had not been for the fascists.

I recall the corpse of a young boy killed by the Germans in Byelorussia. Perhaps he would have grown up to be that great poet for whom we are all yearning, or a distinguished chemist or biologist, or a brilliant doctor who would have rid mankind of cancer. Who knows? Our people are talented and rich in spiritual qualities. The fascists came with their gas vans . . . and ditches and gullies are filled with the corpses of the trampled human harvest.

All these people and all the nations were created for happiness. But it may be said without falsehood or crude boasting that the Russian people understood the value of the human being more keenly and fully than anyone else. Foreigners say that Russian literature, the literature of Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Chekhov and Gorky, is the most humane of all literatures. No tinsel and no conventions could hide from the Russian writers the supreme blessing of human life. In their songs, stories and legends our folk repeated what is expressed in the proverb: "Conscience is not a neigh-

bor—it cannot be avoided." Our people were sincere and conscientious.

The Revolution extended the concept of humanism. It clothed dreams in flesh. Of course, in the years of great storms it was hard, not only upon the reed, but also upon the full-grown tree. But I recall Moscow in 1920. That was a year of famine. Soviet Russia was warding off the blows of its enemies. Uncleared snow lay piled in the streets, the cars were not running and the street lamps were unlit. But on Sverdlov Square a lone sign gleamed like a beacon, as in other countries advertisements of automobiles, perfumes or liqueurs gleam. Six words burned in the black sky of shivering Moscow: "Children are the blossoms of life." It was with these words that our Republic began its career.

Many years later I happened to visit a rural nursery. A peasant woman who looked after the little ones said, "Hush! The children are having their afternoon nap . . ." They were cherished like princelings. The Germans threw them alive into graves. Thus life collided with death, Soviet humanism with misanthropy.

They say this is not the time to think of the value of man, when a terrible and ruthless war is being waged. But our soldiers are not automatons. They know why they are facing death. We are saving man—his past and future, his dignity, his right to be his own individual, complex and great self—from the fascists.

In the diary of a German officer I read the following words: "It seems to me that people who have never suffered from headache don't know what it means. When people talk of love in my presence I am just a blank space. Not only do I not love anyone, but the sentiment of affection for a woman or friend, and all the more for children, seems to me offensive . . ."

I don't know whether that German killed children or not, but he is quite capable of throwing a child into a well without a qualm. Internally he is a gaping vacuum. And it was creatures like that which fell upon our country. They fell upon other countries, too. They have caused so much misery it seems that all the rivers of Europe—our beautiful Volga, the Seine, the Moldava and the Danube—have been turned to salt with the tears of mothers.

Who, then, are the humanists? Those who try to save the butchers, or our soldiers who have sworn an oath: *Death to the fascists!* I know that our tankmen who are crushing child-murderers in the Ukraine, our snipers who keep count of the Germans they kill as people used to keep count of their good deeds, our infantrymen who are pressing westward in irresistible fury, are

not only defending our land, but also the loftiest values of humanity. They have the blessing of all the mothers of the world. And all thinkers, all artists, all creators, look upon them as the champions of true humanism.

And if today a woman looks upon her newborn child, and if a girl in the happiness of first love murmurs the name of her sweetheart, if the seed

sprouts into a shoot which a hundred years hence will have grown into a broad-branched tree, if somewhere at a school desk sits one Shakespeare or Tolstoy—it is only because the Red Army is vanquishing death, trampling down fascism and killing the fascist misanthropes.

The blood on the bayonet of our soldier is the dawn of happiness. It is the salvation of mankind.

March, 1944

## The Grief of a Girl

THERE is in the Russian word "*devushka*"—girl—something of moving purity and tenderness. A Russian word for a Russian girl . . .

Who has not murmured the beloved name, cut it in the bark of a tree, traced it with a finger across a frosted windowpane? Nadya, Anya, Masha, Zina, Klava . . . girl, lass, maiden . . . the word stands for our first love, a childish and exacting love, when every word has a nobler sound, as though it had never been uttered by anyone before; when the heart is brimming with avowals and chaste passion.

The Russian girl, intense and austere as our winter, the girl sung by Pushkin and Turgenev . . . Tanya, Asya, Lisa . . . friend of our school-days, affectionate and exacting . . . Her letter lies in the young soldier's heart and in battle he feels against his cheek her quickening breathing.

Varya Nikolayeva lived in Genichesk. She was 16 when the Germans came. She wept when she saw people hanged. "Crying, you low slut," said a German. "We are doing this to keep order." Varya could not stop crying. "Do you want to hang, too?" the German demanded. "You don't? Then laugh!"

Varya was driven away to Cologne. They hung an identification tag around her neck and commanded, "Work!" A lame German was in charge of the camp. He used to punish those guilty of some fault. He sent for the girl Nina Kablukova and gave the order, "Strip her. Thirty strokes with the lash," and counted them. She lay motionless. Suddenly she lifted her head and spat in the lame German's face. She was dragged away to

the "torture hut"—there she was tortured and there she died.

Four girls were released from Cologne and returned to their homes. Marfusha Sokolova arrived in Novotroitskoye minus her right arm; Nina Mamontova reached Mikhailovskoye minus the fingers of her left hand; Shura Shernyaeva had lost her sight, and Varya Nikolayeva was suffering from an incurable illness.

Dante's *Inferno* had its circles. Let us go further—to the city of Heidelberg, where on February 14 students on vacation held a party. The parents of a certain student had a Russian girl, Zina Baranova, who was what they termed an "Eastern servant." The young Germans forced her to strip, then dined for her. The letter I have before me now says, "Zina did not survive the disgrace. When I was let out of camp I went to see her, but her mistress drove me away. Jadwiga, a Polish girl, told me all about it. Zina hanged herself in that house, but what happened afterward and how they buried her I could not find out . . ."

Russian soldier! . . . hero of Stalingrad, Kursk, Korsun, the Dniester—you hear what the Germans did to Zina, a Russian girl? If you know what love is, if you have a heart, you will never forgive this thing. You will go to Heidelberg, too. You will find her violators. You won't deny yourself the honor of defending a girl's honor.

Thousands of our girls are languishing in Germany. They may be saved. They must be saved. These are our flowers, our birds, our love. They are awaiting you, soldier of Russia.

April, 1944

# Army of Life

**E**ACH of us has lived through many springs. Some of them were happy; others sad. But who will say that he has got used to spring? One is always stirred by the turn in nature, when the ice breaks in the rivers, the earth throws off its shroud of snow and the world, hitherto dumb and dreary, acquires sound and color.

Later . . . later come wheat-ears, fruit, birds' nests and wisdom. But the spring is hope, reconnaissance in force, youth. From time immemorial man has associated the coming of spring with the idea of the triumph of life. The Greeks created the Eleusinian mysteries: young Persephone held captive by the god of the infernal regions returns to the earth. In spring the early Christians celebrated the triumph of life. Sprouting seed, green shoot and flower-bud inspired man to wage war on darkness.

Hence arose May Day. Progressive minds associated the will of the peoples for a better world with the spirit of spring. To the frigidity of senile egotism, of gloomy tyranny, they opposed the idea of the brotherhood of nations. Only the purblind will ask whether this is the time to talk of human solidarity, when arms have the floor; whether this is the time to talk of great hope, when spring has laid bare the ruins and graves.

We know that a gloom has been cast upon this spring, too. The shell-riven trees will not turn green. Rooks startled by the noise of battle wheel in dismay. But, one thinks . . . never has there been a spring which so stirred the hearts of men as this. Millions of breasts beat with hope. As we gaze at the greening fields we faintly perceive the gold of happiness.

We have changed a lot in these three terrible years. We have learned to understand much. But we have not forgotten our youthful vows. We took up arms in defense of peace. We swore in the name of brotherhood to destroy fascism. It is not he who talks of love that loves . . . but he who risks his life defending others.

I recall the May Days of prewar times—merry girls in Red Square, banners, songs and laughter. The memory sears like a red-hot iron, and it adds fire to our hatred. I recall May Day under other skies: processions in the streets of Paris, where paper carnations mingled with living lilies of the valley; the youth of old Prague; meetings in the emerald parks of Copenhagen. On May First the

Norwegian fisherman and Andalusian wine-grower swore fidelity to life.

Europe looks very small on the map. Yet how much variety there was in it; how many old cities, wonderful artists, mysterious customs, and songs. Every nation prided itself on its parks and its history. The English had their humor, the Spaniards their sarcasm, the French their wit. The Dutch reclaimed pastures from the sea. The Norwegians grew flowers beyond the Arctic Circle. The wastes of Murcia were planted with orange trees. The nations cultivated Europe like a garden . . . and they loved it as their home. On the banks of the Dnieper I met a Luxemburg man who had deserted from the German army into which he had been impressed. I have visited his tiny country of roses and vineyards. The deserter made his way to us through a minefield, crying, "Long live my Luxemburg! Long live the Red Army!"

What has happened? Have ice-fields descended from the North Pole? Has eternal winter seized the olive groves and fruit orchards in its clutches?

No—the fascists have come. And with them came annihilation, devastation and the "new order" of death. As if there was not a place for Germans under the sun! Pride had turned their heads. Greed had blinded them. They decided to conquer the world. So a malignant ulcer developed in the very heart of Europe.

The French compounded perfumes and manufactured silk, wrote poems and shipped wine, built museums and argued about the future. Meanwhile, beyond the Rhine, German divisions were already marching. The English debated bills, played cricket and dozed in club armchairs. Meanwhile across the North Sea submarines were being built.

The Czechoslovaks were settling in their new home, building schools and printing housewives' calendars. Meanwhile German tanks were already snorting at their frontier. The Belgians arranged exhibitions of lace, toys and fine glass. But the Germans were studying Belgium's roads. The Dutch grew tulips. The Germans trained paratroopers. The shepherd in the mountains of Yugoslavia gazed at the stars and counted his sheep. The Germans counted their dive-bombers.

The Norwegians slept calmly among their fiords. But the Germans hadn't forgotten Norway



either. The Danes disbanded their tiny army, declaring, "We are a peaceable people. We don't need soldiers." The Germans grinned: they needed Denmark. Was the Greek peasant thinking about the Germans? No, but the Germans were thinking that they could stuff Greece as well into their vest pocket.

On the shores of a blue lake people sat discussing at length the duty of international solidarity. They spoke from force of habit, or because their office demanded it. To defend the world a sword is needed. But these chartered "appeasers" had nothing but toothpicks and earpicks.

In vain representatives of the Soviet Union warned that death menaced the world. Nobody listened to them. When the Germans were slaying Spaniards in Almeria, French ministers flattered themselves with the illusion of security. When the Germans broke into Prague, Polish generals smiled malevolently. The ulcer grew. Europe began to stifle.

Then came the days of shame and death.

Before me is a group of photographs. They came from Greece. One cannot look at them and remain calm. People are dropping dead from starvation in the streets of Athens. In the morning they are gathered up and carted outside the city. I have before me a letter from a Frenchwoman who escaped from prison in Fresnes. She writes, "Women were tied hand and foot and flogged. Alise and Marie spat blood in the faces of the Germans."

I don't want to talk of the horrors just now. We do not have to be told about them. We remember them even in our sleep. After all, we do not live beyond the ocean. We have seen the Germans in our own land.

Not only brutality, but also unparalleled villainess, characterized the deeds of the German army. They burned people alive and called it an "illumination." They buried living people and called the graves "flower-beds." They slaughtered wholesale. They invented murder vans. They condemned year-old infants to death. They did what no human being can do. Let them expect no mercy. The conscience of nations will condemn those who attempt to defend the child-murderers. Our magnanimity demands punishment suited to the magnitude of the crime. The Germans have ostracized themselves from the family of nations. Those who slay children are not human beings.

Misery and woe have cemented the brotherhood of nations, and all nations demand with one voice: *Death to the Germans!* On this First of May we swear that we will be there and that we will remember everything . . . our woe and the woe of others, the burned villages of Serbia, the starved children of Greece, the tortured girls of France. Our love is too abundant to forgive this. We are

the conscience of the world and when our Red Army man says, "For Terekhovka!" he also means "For Lidice!"—even if he has not read the story of the blood and ashes of Czechoslovakia.

The son of spacious Siberia, of the proud Caucasus—of Orel, Tambov and Penza, those fountainheads of the Russian language—rose up in defense of his home. He was never a sword-rattler. He had his home and his dreams and a woman's caresses.

We did not dream of war. We wanted to till our soil, to raise our children, to show the world what Russian daring and Russian patience can accomplish. But when they invaded our land, even our forests became belligerent and were filled with shades of vengeance. In that terrible year of 1941, when others bewailed us and sang a requiem over us and buried us . . . we stood firm to death. We did not hope for aid or for a miracle, nor did we place our trust in the saving virtues of space and time. We placed our trust in our own staunchness.

History has known no greater epic. Now in this spring of victory we may recall that autumn. I remember once walking the streets of Moscow hour after hour, gazing into the faces of passers-by, and never once did I see a smile. The faces of all expressed that somber severity and yearning which rose up in the path of the Germans and became their stumbling-block—the yearning for justice, and the conscience of the people.

We all know now how the campaign of the Germans ended. They got as far as the Caucasus, and now they cannot catch their breath at the Carpathians. In our steppes they lost their conceit and their "oak leaves" and their super-tanks and the bones of their grenadiers. And that cordial, peaceable fellow from the Tambov Region or the Altai has become a Lieutenant of the Guards, has mastered the art of "pincers," has learned to fight as if he was born to it—and now, poring over a map of Rumania, is threatening a regiment of Bavarian Jaegers. There is the hero of our times. The eyes of the world are upon him.

In the days when France taught the world the fundamentals of liberty and the canons of beauty, there was a saying to the effect that every man has two motherlands: his own and France. Recently we read in *Liberte*, an illegal French newspaper, "Now every nation has two bulwarks: its own indignation and the Red Army." Our soldiers should note these words. They are an expression of the gratitude of millions.

What are the Yugoslavs thinking about? Whose approach fills the hearts of the Czechoslovaks with joy? Whom do the French admire? In whom do the Norwegians repose their hopes? In a man they don't know . . . a man from the Volga or the Ukraine . . . in distant folk who have proved their

ability to defend their own dignity and the liberty of the world.

Listen to the night over Europe. It is filled with groans, with confessions, with shots and vows. The ether resounds with the names of villages in the Western Ukraine or Moldavia or the Crimea. Of course the announcers speak of other things as well, of military preparations, postwar plans, committees and sub-committees, cabinet changes, speeches and diplomatic notes. The announcers do, but not the people.

What are postwar plans to Europe, plunged into the inferno of the "new order"? To captive Europe there is only one living sound coming from the outside, and that is the tread of the Red Army. That's what it is listening for, as a walled-in man listens for every rustle.

A certain foreign journalist wrote, "Russia's path now coincides with the path of humanity." As if this were something fortuitous, an unforeseen piece of luck. Russia's path could not possibly

diverge from the path of humanity, for that is the significance of Soviet Russia. In defending herself she is defending all, for her enemies are the enemies of justice, brotherhood and peace.

Through the clouds of gunpowder and smoke we can already descry the sun of freedom. Plenty of difficulties still lie ahead. The Germans will cling to every hummock and every building. They try to counter-attack. They are striving to postpone the end. They are in no hurry to die. It is we who are in a hurry. We want to live. The earth is yearning for wheat-ears, and the wheat-ears are yearning for the reaper.

But this spring we are sowing the harvest of victory. The army of life is marching to the west. And on this May First, our country which has suffered so much woe, may say with pride, "I have done all I can, and more. I stood firm, and now I am marching forward. I bring the waters of life."

*May, 1944*

## They Haven't Changed Much

Some people think that Germans in retreat become, if not altogether human, at least inoffensive; that beaten Germans are less harmful. They are mistaken. Germans remain true to themselves. They whine and cry kaput when only an hour ago they were burning down villages and slaying the innocent.

Here are Posch and Bischof, two privates of the 329th German Sapper Battalion. They have just been taken prisoner. If we are to believe certain sentimental folk who study the Fritzes from beyond the ocean, Germans in such a situation are ashamed and embarrassed.

But this is what the German Posch says: "I've been in the army a long time, and I've seen a lot of villages burned down. I can't remember them all, as the Russian names come hard to us. Recently, when we were retreating from the Pustoshka area, I set fire to the villages of Zabolotye, Vasilki and Losna.

"We work in couples. Each couple has to burn down three or four villages. That is understandable; after all, it's sappers' work. But sometimes we are assigned to another job. We are expected to drive off the inhabitants.

"There's no coping with the Russians. They run off into the forests. The best thing is to shoot or hang a few of them first, so as to scare the others. These last few days we shot 18 and hanged three or perhaps four, I don't remember exactly."

Sapper Bischof didn't hang people. He had his

own methods. He burned them alive. This is what he says:

"I didn't want to burn people deliberately. I am a peaceable man. But we had so very little time. Often enough we set fire to a house while there were still people in it. To drive them all out would have wasted a lot of time. I myself didn't burn many—only six or seven or eight in all."

They burned, they shot and they hanged, and they tell about it in a calm, businesslike manner. How much misery and woe these two Germans alone have caused. Somewhere or other there are Red Army men waiting for letters from Zabolotye, Vasilki and Losna. They'll wait a long time, and then they'll learn what Posch and Bischof did to their wives and children.

Vasilki, in Russian, means "cornflowers." What a fine name for a village. There were children there with eyes as blue as cornflowers. The Germans burned down the cottages and killed the children.

No, the Germans haven't changed much. It is senseless to hope to bring them to reason, to shame them, and then to reform them. Sappers or infantrymen, veterans or new recruits, they are all guilty of foul deeds, and they will all be made to answer for them.

Posch and Bischof aren't SS men nor Gestapo men. They are two of Hitler's common soldiers.

Let our hatred be as biting as salt, and as long as life.

*April, 1944*

# The Roads to Berlin

**T**HE Red Army is on the frontier of the Soviet Union. This is the dawn of freedom over Prague, Warsaw, Belgrade and Paris.

For a thousand days we have been fighting a life and death struggle. We do not philosophize. We do not devote ourselves to dreams and lofty declarations. We do not look at the calendar, and we do not wait for good weather.

Moscow well remembers that June Sunday, when the grave news came through the loudspeakers. The Germans, marching and singing, whistling and spitting, had crossed our frontier, snatching shawls and watches, crockery and honey. They shot our children. Their tanks flattened our fields. Their bombs burned our towns. Their Fuehrer howled, "This is the end of Russia."

In those days Moscow's rockets and guns spoke with different voices. We experienced the full measure of bitterness. But Moscow held out. Russia held out. We fought in frost, in rain, when roads were impassable. We had few tanks, we defended our freedom with fire bottles. When the Germans reached the Caucasus we did not despair. And the world sees which wins—determination or doubt, courage or waiting.

A thousand days and a thousand nights, in bitter frost and intense heat, the soldiers of the Soviet Union fought on. A thousand days and a thousand nights the arms workers of Russia forged arms. A thousand days and a thousand nights Moscow, with teeth clenched, worked on.

Now the days of glory have come. Where are the victors of Paris? Where are the Pomeranian cattle-breeders, the Bavarian brewers, the Frankfurt sausage-makers? Where are the Caesars from Schweinfurt? Where are the Napoleons

from Swinemunde? Their bones litter our soil. Their contemptible dreams are scattered to the winds.

The arrival of the Red Army on the Rumanian frontier spells the end of Hitler's campaign—but it is only the beginning of the Red Army's campaign. For the Red Army there is no frontier but the frontier of victory. The campaign of the bandits has ended. The campaign of justice has begun. The judges are marching west. The contemptible child-killers will not escape them.

Russia remembers everything. Germany will not be saved—by mountains, by rivers, or by super-totalitarian Fritzes. We are not playing with them. This is no quadrille. Indignant conscience leads us to the west. We march with a great oath on our lips: *Never shall this happen again*. We do not want the Germans to start another campaign in 1965. It was not we who began the war, but it is we who will finish it. And we shall finish it so that never again will they begin.

Now we are marching to them, and we will reach them. We will draw the fangs from the reptiles. We will break their habit of fighting.

The world looks with hope toward the Red Army. It brings freedom. We are proud that Poles, Czechoslovaks, Yugoslavs and Frenchmen fight on Soviet soil.

Now Hitler must be smashed finally. Many roads lead to Berlin. Berlin can be reached from the West. There is such a road and it must be taken. The journey from the Volga to the Prut was no excursion. It was 15 months of battles. Victory has not come to us easily.

Now time does not wait. Spring is here, the time of sowing. Let the harvest be from Moldavia to Normandy—the harvest of victory.

May, 1944

# Thoughts on the Future

THE *Danziger Vorposten*, anxious to explain the German army's defeats, writes: "The Russians overwhelm us by their superiority in armaments and in numbers. Russia is a country with an inordinately large population and with an unprecedentedly powerful industry."

Germany is trying to act injured and innocent. Reading the article in the *Danziger Vorposten* one might think the Germans are a small nation—a nation of shepherds armed with pitchforks. But Germany possesses a gigantic industry. Factories in the Reich, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Holland supply the German army with first-class armaments.

It was not so long ago the Germans were on the Volga. The Soviet Union lost the Ukraine, the Donbas, Byelorussia, the North Caucasus and a number of Russian provinces. At that time the population of the Soviet Union did not exceed that of Germany and her vassals. The Germans imported into their country over ten million foreign slaves.

The Germans would do better to leave arithmetic alone. We are smashing the enemy not because we have more factories and more men, but because our people are morally superior to the Germans.

The idea of race superiority seems to me the most nonsensical of all prejudices. There are bright pages and dark pages in the history of every nation. People change. The Burgundy grape transplanted to Kakhetia or California yields wine of a different taste and aroma. Among the German military men there are not a few descendants of the Huguenots. Nations also change. Germans of the Hitler era little resemble Germans of Goethe's era.

When I speak of the superiority of our people over the Germans, I am not referring to genealogies or vague shadows of the past, but to actual realities. The moral qualities of the soldier of the Reichswehr and the soldier of the Red Army were tested on the battlefield.

The Germans made long and careful preparations for this war. I am not referring to designers or generals, but to the moral education of the people, to the cult of war which prevailed in Germany. It may be said without exaggeration that for 80 years Germany regarded arms as the su-

preme achievement of society. It is precisely this moral preparation of the Germans for war that is the cause of their moral vulnerability. The cult of force gives rise to weaknesses at the first reverse.

Our people did not prepare for war. That does not mean we looked upon fascism's military preparations with indifference. The industry of the Urals and Siberia which enabled us to stop the Germans was not created in a few weeks or months. It was not in June, 1941, that the Red Army was born. We were not caught unawares. If it had not been for fascism we would have been living better than ever before the war; we would have been making babies' perambulators instead of tanks, and saucopans instead of guns.

Our Government foresaw Hitler's campaign to the East. But our young men did not dream of war. They were inspired by ideas which the purblind might call foolish—ideas of human solidarity, peaceful industry and progress. When one recalls talks in the workers' clubs or at students' parties, one's mind conjures up the face of a man enthusiastic for science or inspired with a love which was remote from the thought of blood.

Now that the Red Army has demonstrated its strength and the whole world speaks of the Soviet Union as one of the strongest military powers, we may say it was the profound love of peace and lofty ideals which helped our people stand the terrific test. We stood it because we did not believe in the triumph of crude force. Even when the enemy was near the terminals of Moscow and the motorbus routes, we knew we were superior to him and consequently stronger.

Our men, in those trying days when they went out to meet tanks armed with nothing but bottles, were aware of the enemy's strength, but they were also aware of his puerility. We were supported by a profound contempt for fascism and for fascists. We were confronted by an army and only an army. But we were a people in arms.

The Germans love to talk about "*Deutschtum*," about the "German spirit," about the unity of all the people in whom German blood flows. And it is true that in war the Germans displayed unity of organization and discipline. But it is the automatism of criminals, the mutual protection of a huge confederacy of thieves.

People are not to be seen in Germany today. You will see soldiers, fathers of soldiers, children of soldiers and wives of soldiers. You will see sergeants and field marshals, armament contractors and cannon-fodder contractors. But you will not see people, living people as diversified as the sea, with their complex life and their inexhaustible spiritual treasures.

Who is Fritz Mueller? The son of a sergeant and grandson of a corporal. Before the war he worked as a salesman in KDW (*Kaufhaus des Westens*), but that was only a sort of furlough. He knew from his childhood he was to be a conqueror of the world. He studied history as though it were a directory of future victories. To him peace was only a period of preparation for war. He had one ideal, and that was to see the German flag flying on top of Mount Blanc, the Andes, Ararat and the Himalayas. Why the German flag should be flying there is something he never thought about. From the time when by the laws of nature children begin to think, Fritz Mueller was weaned from thinking. He was weaned from thought as from his mother's breast. His mind was stuffed with technical knowledge and legalized prejudices. His soul was planed, ground and polished. It was a soul established to the pattern of the vile soul of a robber and assassin.

There are many different peoples in our country. We recognize the blood of four groups, but that is a matter of medicine. We do not recognize the blood of race. But we have a people. In June, 1941, our soldiers bade farewell to their friends and relatives at the railway station. Beloved faces and native towns receded and were lost in the mist. The trains sped westward, but every soldier knew he was drawing nearer to his abandoned home, to his family, his garden, his tools and his books.

When you talk to Red Army men and officers with decoration ribbons and other ribbons of wound stripes on either breast, you realize that first and foremost these are seasoned soldiers. They have mastered the military art. They have proved their proficiency in the difficult art of war. They are modest men and proud men. They do not pride themselves on being born for war. They are proud that they—who were schoolmasters, engineers, tillers of the soil, steel-smelters and musicians—protected their country and the higher human values against an assault without parallel in history.

They became soldiers in that simplest and that highest sense of the term which we find expressed in the words "soldiers' bread" and "soldiers' friendship." They are suffused with that inward elation which may be called the triumph of man.

They became soldiers, but not fire-eaters; although triumphant in war they have not fallen in love with war. They want to get to Berlin because they are thinking of Kiev, of Saratov or Barnaul; they want to build splendid cities and rear happy children.

People in all countries are now talking a lot about postwar life. Rex North, an American journalist, writes of the horror which overcomes man when he thinks of Europe's future, with its wrecked cities and desolated nations. I think this journalist is mistaken; it is not the nations that are desolated, but only those people who sold their spiritual birthright for promises of porridge. But there is no denying it will be hard for the nations which have suffered four years of slavery to return to freedom. It will be hard for other nations, too—those who have not known what true self-sacrifice is—for he who wants to save everything loses everything. We are aware of the difficulties, the ruination and the graves.

But we know our country has become stronger, has grown and matured. I know frontier guards who stood watch on the Prut on June 22, 1941, and who are now back there. They have been fighting for three years. A lucky star saved them from bullets and mines. They are the same people, yet they are different.

We are too much preoccupied with war just now to stop and reflect. A philosopher, moralist or writer needs time. But we can feel how much our people have changed. They have betrayed no one and surrendered nothing, but they have grown fabulously. To realize that growth, one cannot do better than to glance into cottages in Moldavia or tents in Byelorussia, where in the evenings long and earnest discussions are held about the past and future. For the schoolmaster knows he will return to his school, the engineer yearns for the work he loves and the farmer dreams of the soil.

Our Army is the builder of our future, and that is the pledge of our happiness. A man who does not grudge his blood for his country, his people and his near ones will not be deterred by any sacrifices. There is a heightened sense of the personal responsibility of the role of each and the role of the State. A real collective body is made up of individuals, not arithmetical integers. In this war not only every commander, but even every soldier, understands that he is important and valuable; that upon his courage, knowledge, resourcefulness and fortitude depend the issue of the war and the fate of Russia. In war people do not insure themselves or reinsure themselves. They sacrifice themselves. And, returned to peaceful labor, our victorious soldiers will still

further enhance the significance of society and the significance of every individual. In these three years the sentiment of brotherhood and friendship has grown stronger. Our Army is strong because to the egotism and malice of the enemy it opposes solidarity and the warmth of human love. Who can describe the ties of affection between infantrymen of the same platoon or artillerymen of the same battery? A decoration earned by one is a source of pleasure, not envy, to the rest.

When they learn from letters that back home there are still preserved like fossils egotistical and callous officials who do not display adequate concern for the family of a fallen hero or for a disabled man, our soldiers are not so much incensed as amazed, as if they caught a glimpse of some sinister survival of the remote past. They will bring great human warmth into the work of building our new and better society: they know that the success of even the most splendidly conceived idea depends upon the responsiveness, goodwill and conscientiousness of everyone concerned.

Journals abroad often remark on the growth of immorality in the belligerent countries. I will not speak of Germany, which has become a veritable Sodom and Gomorrah.

In our young society morals were more an instinctive thing than a written code. Our pedagogues could not keep up with the march of history. In this war our people are not so much thinking of morals as creating them. The schoolteacher who fought for three years can now with confidence talk to children about virtue and vice, nobility and villainy.

It was known of old that war is not a school for morality, but in defiance of all the rules of history morality has grown firmer in our country. I do not want to paint a rosy picture. I know that in our country there are thieves and profiteers, and women who have exchanged the beauty of fidelity for dubious gewgaws. But these are backsliders

and freaks, isolated instances. The important thing is not that they are to be found, but that they meet with deep condemnation. Morals are tested in the fire of war, and they will adorn our life after victory.

Crime is terrible when it becomes a common thing and ceases to arouse attention, but in our country it strikes the eye. We have not only stood the test morally, we have grown morally. When writers come to portray man in 1944, the world will understand how our Army reached the Prut.

We must not be annoyed with art. The gently-flowing river reflects trees and towers, but the mountain stream is not a mirror. These are stormy times. Our writers describe individual episodes, but the reader wants conclusions and generalizations. He will have to wait, for the thinker cannot keep pace with the seven-league strides of the time. He can grasp the past, he can glimpse the contours of the future, but he cannot yet portray our contemporary with maturity of observation and with the same thought—the image has not yet taken shape in his mind.

To each of our soldiers the past seems a happy time. He has forgotten adversities, hardships, affronts. He remembers work and love, the breath of a child and evening among the lilacs in the garden.

But ask him, "What are you dreaming of? Is it your past life?" The answer will be, "No, of my future life, which will be a better one."

Therein lies our strength. Other nations want to restore the past. We want to go forward. We will build cities more splendid than those we had before. We will be more kind . . . purer and kinder . . . more austere, perhaps, but kinder. Our children, for whose happiness we are fighting, will think of prewar times without envy.

The heroes of Stalingrad and the Dnieper, when they return home from vanquished Berlin, will again astonish the world with the grandeur of their souls.

*June, 1944*

